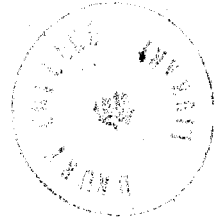


The Forum

OCTOBER, 1922



GEORGE MEREDITH (WITH SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS)

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I.

I NEVER met George Meredith: I was fated never to meet him. I might have met him at Robert Browning's funeral in Westminster Abbey; the Abbey was invisible in the fog, and, inside, dim yellow fog filled all the roof, above the gas and the candles. The coffin, carried high, came into the church to the sound of processional music: I stood next to Dykes Campbell and Coleridge's grandson. After the ceremony was over and we had found our way into the street, we were told that Meredith had left the Abbey five minutes before.

In May, 1885, I wrote a signed review in *Time* on *Diana of the Crossways*, in which I intimated that the time had come for a Collected Edition of Meredith's Works. On May 30, I read in *The Athenaeum*, "Messrs. Chapman and Hall talk of publishing a uniform edition of Mr. George Meredith's novels, the great majority of which are quite out of print," which showed that my instinct had been correct. I sent Meredith a copy of the magazine and received from him this letter, at Morwenna House, Peter Street, Yeovil:

Box Hill, Dorking,
May 15th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

I am deeply obliged to you for the copy of *Time* with the remarks you have done me the honour to make on my work; and I beg you not to attribute to discourtesy the delay in my acknowledgment of it. I am distressed by the serious illness of one of my household, now lying at Eastbourne, and I am rarely at home.

Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

So, as words which I keep for their significance to-day, because time has already brought in its revenges, and because Meredith's genius has conquered Time, are worthy of being partly recorded in print, I choose among them certain sentences. "Meredith's latest novel is the event of the day to a small, but very select and very devoted, circle of admirers. That it should be this, and little more than this, is a practical satire on contemporary taste more convincingly bitter than the sharpest of Meredith's purposed epigrams. Here is a man who for a quarter of a century has been producing a series of the most brilliant novels written in English since the death of Thackeray; and for the general public he is still only a name, and a name of terror." Now, this is what Meredith said of Thackeray: "A great modern writer of clearest eye and head, now departed, capable of presenting thoughtful women, thinking men, groaned over his puppetry, that he dared not animate them, flesh though they were, with the fires of positive brain stuff. He could have done it, and he is of the departed!"

In August, 1886, I sent Meredith the printed proofs of my *Introduction to the Study of Robert Browning*. He answered me in this august and noble letter:

Box Hill, Dorking,
Sept. 14th, 1886.

My dear Sir:

I have but just returned from the Continent; and let it be an excuse to you for the delay of my reply. I am honoured by the

proposal to dedicate your book to me, and accept with a full sense of the distinction. Permit me, however, to name one reserve. I should be pained by your public statement that I am the "greatest of living novelists." It rings invidiously. As to Browning, my love of him runs beside yours; yet even in his case, whatever you and I may think, the term "greatest" strikes a harsh note in many ears. Your just eulogy sufficiently establishes his high poetic worth. It seems to me that the measure of greatness belongs to posterity. As regards me, personally, there is, you are aware, a heavy opposition that would not brook the epithet. I may well shrink from superlatives of praise.

Yours very faithfully,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I changed the terms of the dedication, which satisfied him, into this form: "To George Meredith, Novelist and Poet, this little book on an Illustrious Contemporary is with deep respect and admiration inscribed." This is his reply:

Box Hill, Dorking,
Sept. 18th, 1886.

My dear Sir:

I will not leave it to silence to say that the Dedication with which you compliment me seems in its form entirely acceptable.

Most faithfully yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

In reply to my sending him my printed book, he sent me this letter:

Box Hill, Dorking,
January 29th, 1887.

My dear Sir:

I am glad to hear from friends of the pleasure and help they have had from your book on Browning. I, too, have gone through it with advantage and with some of my old thrills of love for him, when as a boy I chafed over the reviews of "Bells and Pomegranates." You have done knightly service to a brave leader. It rejoices me to think that his following will be enlarged by your good work.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

By the next post I had a letter from Browning, written in Blangollen, saying: "It does indeed strike me as wonderful that you should have given such particular attention

to all those poems, and (if I dare say farther) so thoroughly entered into—at any rate—the spirit in which they were written, and the purpose they helped to serve.”

In September, 1887, I had printed in *The Westminster Review* an essay entitled “George Meredith’s Poetry,” which I did not sign. I am bound to admit that, having written in an almost acriminious manner in certain parts of this essay, besides giving his verse more praise than most of the critics had so far done, I committed an act that might almost be called an act of folly. The fact was that Meredith, being entirely Celtic, was always over-sensitive to the least dispraise of his prose or verse. I was aware that most of his novels had had no reviews of any note; that his unsurpassable masterpiece *Modern Love* was praised only, and most nobly praised, by Swinburne.

Modern Love is packed with a nakedly human imagination, in which the scraps of talk burn into one like the touch of a corroding acid. These self-torturing and cruel lovers have no illusions, only “tragic hints” in which “Passion spins the plot.” At times the acuteness of sensation is carried to the point of agony, at which Othello sweats words like these:

“O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell’st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne’er been born.”

“*Vittoria*,” says Meredith in one of his letters, “passes into the limbo where the rest of my work reposes.” In another, 1867, he writes: “I find, to my annoyance, that I am susceptible to remarks on my poems, and criticisms from whipsters or women absolutely make me wince and flush.” Thereupon, having read such phrases as these, I read to-day the letter I had from Meredith in regard to my reviews in entirely a different spirit from that which his letter caused me when I opened it.

Box Hill, Dorking,
September 7th, 1887.

My dear Sir:

Accept my thanks for the copy of *The Westminster Review* containing your article. I do not criticize my critics.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

That my article exasperated Meredith is certain. He had every reason for his resentment; not only that he was always, perhaps, a little uneasily aware of what was perverse and magnificent, passionate and imaginative in his genius, but of the charges of obscurity, of immorality, that were hurled against him by those reviewers who are much too apt to find these qualities where they are undiscoverable. In that year he wrote: "I read in a critical review of some verses of mine the other day that I was 'a harlequin and a performer of antics.' I am accustomed to that kind of writing, as our hustings orator is to the dead cat and the brickbat flung in his face—at which he smiles politely; and I, too; but after many years of it my mind looks elsewhere." However, as his judgment of his own sense of the value of his prose must be taken absolutely as it was written, these sentences grip with the intense strength of his will the assassin's throat. "I strive by study of humanity to represent it: not its morbid action. Much of my strength lies in painting morbid emotion and exceptional positions; but my conscience will not let me waste so much time. My love is for epical subjects—not for cobwebs in a putrid corner; though I know the fascination of unravelling them."

In mere self-defense of what I said in praise and in dispraise of Meredith I reproduce some of its paragraphs here. I have little doubt that Meredith's reputation as a poet would be greater if his reputation as a novelist were less. The world is suspicious, not always without reason, of a man with two strings to his bow. Roughly speaking, all Meredith's poems might be classed under the titles of his *Poems of the Joy of Earth* and *Poems of Tragic Life*. Between these two classes there is a sharp and sheer division.

How it comes about that the same poet's outlook on Nature should be so serene and on life so sombre, I do not profess to be able to explain. These two elements—Nature a source of joy and healing, Life a tragic tangle—form between them the substance or the basis of Meredith's poetry. His hatred of the commonplace is indeed carried to a regrettable excess; and leads him, only too often, to reject a good and obvious expression for one which is original certainly, but in Landor's words, "as original as sin." With regard to "the accomplishment of verse," in the more limited sense of the term, Meredith is curiously and exasperatingly unequal. Meredith has written lines which any poet who ever wrote in English would be proud to admit among his work; he has also written lines as tuneless as a deal table and as rasping as a file. He has written in several exceptionally difficult metres with great success; he has footed the tight-rope of the Galliambic measure and the swaying planks of various trochaic experiments.

Meredith's Nature-poetry—that which he has himself called poetry of the Joy of Earth—is unlike, so far as I am aware, any other Nature-poetry in the world. It has an almost pagan sense of the abiding life, the veiled nearness and intimacy of the great mother of us all—Earth, the awful and benignant powers of Nature. But if Meredith sings Evolution, he sings it in a lyrical rapture, and with a thrill of personal ecstasy. It is the ecstasy of Melampus, not of the Mædads. His vision of Earth is not so much of "the wild joy of living," as of the joy of living in perfect accordance with Nature, in collectedness, in simplicity, in sanity. It is almost possible to gather a creed, at least a philosophy of life, from the lyrics and sonnets of the volume of 1883; that philosophy or creed would be contained within the walls of the garden of Epicurus. Of the separate poems none perhaps is quite the equal of *Phoebus with Admetus*, classic in every sense of the term, a masterly handling of a very peculiar and really noble rhythm, never elsewhere attempted in English, we believe, save in a tenta-

tive experiment of Sir Philip Sidney. *The Lark Ascending* challenges an incomparable model; it is the highest possible praise to say of it that it may be enjoyed even after Shelley.

The *Poems of the Joy of Earth* are comprised in a single class, and may be dealt with in a single handling. But the *Poems of Tragic Life* comprise a much greater variety of tone and treatment. *Modern Love*, by far the greatest of them all, stands almost by itself as an analytical study of contemporary life and manners—it is written in fifty sonnet-like stanzas of sixteen lines—and is beyond a shadow of doubt by far his best work in verse. I have never been able to tell quite what it is that gives to these sonnet-like stanzas (with all their obscurities of allusion and their occasional faults in versification), a certain charm and power which fascinate and fasten upon mind and memory at once. Meredith has never done anything else like it; this wonderful style, acid, stinging, bitter-sweet, poignant, as if fashioned of the very moods of these “modern lovers,” reappears in no other poem (except faintly in the Ballad of Fair Ladies in Revolt). The poem stands alone, not merely in Meredith’s work, but in all antecedent literature. It is altogether a new thing: I venture to call it the most “modern” poem we have.

In the same volume we have a group of *Poems of the English Roadside*, studies, as they are also termed, of *Roadside Philosophers*. Here we are in a new atmosphere altogether, an atmosphere in which we can breathe more freely, under the open sky, upon the road and the heath. This little group of homely poems, to which should be added *Martin’s Puzzle*, a poem of the same period, seems to me, after *Modern Love*, perhaps the most original and satisfying contribution made by Meredith to the poetry of his time. One poem at least is an absolute masterpiece, and of its kind it is almost without a rival. There is a sly and kindly humor in *The Beggar’s Soliloquy*, a quaint wit in *The Old Chartist*, a humorous wisdom tinged with pathos in *Martin’s Puzzle*; but *Juggling Jerry*, notwithstanding

a flaw here and there in the rhythm, quickens our blood and strikes straight from the heart to the heart as only a few poems here and there can do. I said that of its kind it is almost without a rival; I may say, indeed, quite without a rival, outside Burns.

Allied to both *Modern Love* and the *Poems of the English Roadside* by the intensity of their emotion, but in tune and manner and subject removed equally from either, four or five poems, wonderfully powerful and original, form another distinct group. These are *Cassandra*, *The Nuptials of Attila*, and *The Song of Theodolinda* in the new volume. There is something fierce, savage, convulsive almost, in the passion which informs these poems; a note sounded in our days by no other poet, not even by Leconte de Lisle in the *Poemes Barbares*. The words rush rattling on one another like the clashing of spears or the ring of iron on iron in a day of old-world battle. The lines are javelins, consonanted lines full of savage power and fury, as if sung or played by a Northern Skald harping on a field of slain. Somewhat in the same category, midway between *The Young Princess* and *The Song of Theodolinda*, stands a single poem, one of Meredith's most wonderful achievements, only just falling short of the very highest excellence, "the powerful and pathetic ballad," as Swinburne has justly termed it, of *Margaret's Bridal-Eve*. Swinburne, in the passage from which we quote, places it second only to Rossetti's *Sister Helen* (that was before the publication of *The King's Tragedy*) among the ballads of our time; second only, we quite concur with him in placing it; but how real and unmistakable the difference in workmanship between the two poems! *Margaret's Bridal Eve* is imagined with little less intensity than *Sister Helen*; but compared with the flawless art, the entire command of himself and his material shown by Rossetti in the shaping and perfecting of his conception, the art of Meredith appears ineffective and uncertain.

But over too much of his harvest-field an enemy, an

enemy within, has sowed tares. As in the parable, wheat and tares grow together; there is no plucking out the weeds without carrying the good corn with them; and we must leave it to Time, the careful reaper, the reaper who never errs though he is long in reaping, to gather together first the good corn with them; and we must leave it to Time, the careful reaper, the reaper who never errs though he is long in reaping, to gather together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them; but to gather the wheat into his barn.

II

Is it not part of the pedantry of letters to limit the word Art, a little narrowly, to certain manifestations of the artistic spirit, or, at all events, to set up a comparative estimate of the values of the several arts, a little unnecessarily? Art is concerned only with accomplishment, not with duration. War never destroyed Art. Art is indestructible. War, then, being accepted for a necessary evil or, if you please, an honorable necessity, it remains to be seen whether what may seem indiscriminate or injurious in its operations might not be turned into a positive benefit to the human race. That is, if *mens sana in corpore sano* is really the end and aim of existence, and the continuance of an able-bodied race the most important thing in the world. But if it is not, if the soul, and not the body, demands perfecting; if perfection for humanity means the culture of some rare essence to which the body is but a clog; then let things be as they are, and let the healthy perish on more and more numerous fields of battle, and let rickety bodies with vast brains procreate yet more rickety bodies with yet vaster brains, and let the soul refine itself to a finer and at last invisible or infinite point, and the body at last vanish altogether, cultured into extinction. The world would be ended, it is true; but humanity would have died nobly, passionless, stainless, sinless, of perfection.

One fact certainly never to be forgotten is that George Meredith conceived military training to be a thing desir-

able in every state, desirable for the sake of manhood, the self-respect, the physical and moral health of its citizens, and desirable for ourselves above all people. Therefore, I quote here a letter he wrote to me in answer to a request of mine if the story of the Guidascarpì in his *Vittoria* was a reality:

Box Hill, Dorking,
September 19th, 1885.

Dear Sir:

The Story of the Guidascarpì in my *Vittoria* is an invention. At that period such things were occurring. I knew of many complications that needed only a sharper edge to be as tragic. The Austrian officers were gallant ones and gentlemen. Italian women, before the fury of the insurrection carried their enthusiasm, liked them, even to preferring by comparison. The Italian *man* was then being born; he was, when not loathed, more feared than loved.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

As in 1887, I wrote for "The Mermaid Series," edited by Havelock Ellis, an essay on Philip Massinger, and in 1888 one on John Day, which were published by Vizetelly and Co., London, and as I was, therefore, in a sense, concerned by the way this publisher was treated, I give this letter of Meredith, not written to me, but to a friend of mine who gave it to me in that year:

Box Hill, Dorking,
June 13th, 1887.

Sir:

As the case of M. Vizetelly strikes me, it is an example of the claim of justice, which deals with hard measures, and undoes the name assumed for the legal administration of it.

The stoppage of the publication of French novels translated into mercenary crude English, appears to me to be for the good of the public.

The books implicated are not immoral, though the authors would disdain to have an English stamp of morality set upon them. The tendency of the beast is to be instructive, within a narrow range, and they do not lure the fancy to heat the blood, as one has to say of some accepted works of fiction. But the rawness of expression in certain passages of the volumes being a

stimulant to youthful tastes that are not waiting for imagination to mislead, I make no objection to the cheapness, which assists young people to get a sight of them. I think the publication was an error, and that it is amended sufficiently by the interdict. The treatment of the publisher as a criminal is an error equally great.

Yours truly,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

In 1892, the visit of Zola had its significance. Not long before then the prison doors were opened for the release of Vizetelly, who had ventured to bring out translations of *Nana* and *La Terre*; not long after that the doors of the Guildhall were opened for the reception of the writer of *La Terre* and *Nana*; and the same pens, with the same jubilation, chronicled both incidents. To the spectator of the comedy of life all this seemed merely amusing; but to the actors in the tragic comedy of letters it seemed a whole new *repertoire*. The visit of Paul Verlaine to London in November, 1883, for which I was responsible—he stayed with me in Fountain Court—was unofficial and unadvertised; his reception was in no sense a concession to success, but entirely a tribute to the genius of a poet.

My *Days and Nights*, printed by Macmillan in 1889, with this dedication, "To Walter Pater in all gratitude and admiration," contained verses which began with the year 1883 and ended with the year 1888. Before then I sent some of the manuscript to Pater at Oxford; and finally gave him the whole contents in London: which, to my astonishment, he praised as no one had ever praised me before. In a letter dated January 8, 1888, which went to six pages, he said: "In your own pieces, particularly in your Ms. 'A Revenge,' I find Rossetti's requirement fulfilled, and should anticipate great things from one who has the talent of conceiving his motive with so much firmness and tangibility—with that clear logic, if I may say so, which is an element in every genuinely imaginative process."

After the book appeared, Pater wrote a creative criticism of it in *The Pall Mall Gazette* of March 23, 1889; such praise was to me priceless, as in these sentences: "Love's

casuistries, impassioned satiety, love's inversion into cruelty, are experiences even more characteristic of our later day than of Dante's somewhat sophisticated middle age; and it is just this complexion of sentiment, entangled in scruples, refinements, after-thoughts, reserved, repressed, but none the less masterful for that, conserving all its energies for expression in some unexpected way—that Mr. Symons presents, with unmistakable insight, in one group of his poems, at the head of which we should place 'An Act of Mercy'—odd and remote, mercy's self-turned malignant—or 'A Revenge.' He welcomes, as an added source of interest in the study of it, the curious subtlety to which the human soul has come even in its passions. A certain 'largeness' Mr. Symons offers us in just the converse of this remotely conceived, exotic, casuistical passion, in that rural tragedy, the tragedy of the poor generally (the tyranny of love, here, too, sometimes turning to cruelty), in a group of poignant stories, told with unflinching dramatic sincerity. This finds its still more harshly satiric note and inverse in certain poems for the delineation of the deepest tragedy of all; often with a touch of lunacy about it, or the partial lunacy of narcotism—'the soul at pawn'—or that violent religious reaction which is also a narcotic. The finer pieces in this volume certainly any poet of our day might be glad to own for their subtleness, their dramatic hold on life, their fine scholarship; and they have this eminent merit, among many fine qualities of style, readers need fear no difficulty in them. In this new poet the rich poetic vintage of our time has run clear at last."

This is the last letter I had from Meredith, to whom I had sent *Days and Nights*:

Box Hill, Dorking,
April 10th, 1889.

My dear Sir:

I will not further delay to thank you for your volume, although with one containing matter, I like to reserve it and reflect on it before speaking. It is only recently that I have been well enough to give due attention to a book of verse.

This has the promise of a copious vigour, with the sensitiveness which moulds poetic language. Considering the youthful years you name, it is remarkable. I do not see any young writers who are equal or near to you in the race. Such passionately antithetical true collisisms as in the closing lines of "The Nun" are rare among finished poets. I think the occasional imitativeness promising, too—taking it to be earlier work. But the line of "The Tyrannicide,"

"He looked so good when he was dead,"

is too distinctively a reminiscence—or, if not, ought to have been. I suppose Leconte de Lisle responsible for saying that the merle sings "full-throated," as it flies. Neither merle nor mavis is a singer in the flight, though the merle may emit notes when quitting the bush. You do not, to my mind, render the pregnant mournfulness of the three lines of Catullus:

Soles occidere et redire possunt:

Nobis cum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

But they are hard to give—and in the measure chosen. Why not have tried hendecasyllables?

"The Knife-Thrower" is done very animatedly—seems to me more your own—from observation—than "Esther Bray" and "Bell in Camp."

One must not speculate upon the direction your poems are to take. Judging by this volume, I should venture to say, some form of the dramatic.

However it may be, there is achievement already. I congratulate you on it, and hope for your assured success.

Very truly yours,

GEORGE MEREDITH.

I certainly followed Meredith's advice when I translated, in various metres, including the galliambics of *Attis*, twenty-eight poems of Catullus. There spoke the voice of the poet who was aware of the inadequacy of my first version from the Latin of Catullus. It was undoubtedly the voice of the Prophet—as it were the voice of Isaiah—that spoke in the divination of the direction in which my verse was bound to lead me; that is to say, when I began to write tragedies. The first was *Barbara Roscorla's Child* (1902), a one-act prose play; this was followed by *The Harvesters*, *The Death of Agrippina*, *Cleopatra in Judaea*,

Tristan and Iseult, which are written in blank verse. It is interesting to note that Walter Pater, who had in himself no feeling for drama, should have said in his review of my verses, that these were, in effect, concentrations, powerfully dramatic, of what we call the light and shadow of life. *J'aime passionnement la passion*, he might say with Stendhal. So, as I have loved passion for passion's sake—as one loves art for art's sake—I give here those unprinted lines I wrote in 1890, a mere fragment, which might have been meant for the beginning of a tragedy.

MOTHER: Leave me, light woman: go;
I know you not.

DAUGHTER: That mothers whom God made should be so cruel!
Oh, Mother, Mother, I'm come back to you.

MOTHER: I have no daughter: must I spurn you forth?
You must be some imposter, as I think.
That's not the face I knew—the eyes—the mouth—
God, the cheeks! She had cheeks a perfect curve,
Peach-blossom cheeks: pray God you ever had
Such down to be rubbed off! She's gone from me,
Further a long way off than dying. Pah!
Loose woman, leave me!

DAUGHTER: You'll remember soon.
I think you can't forget me an' you would!
Not one word, mother? I'm too tired to cry;
I've had to unlearn all my prayers, and now
I can't get breath for praying. Take me back!

MOTHER: I cry you mercy, woman. If I guess
You're one of those that—O they're common here—
Being tired of single sleep and pallet pillows
Take up with perfumed sheets, and after such
There's no sound sleeping in a humble bed—
You're a cast-off?

DAUGHTER: Cast-off—

MOTHER: A common harlot!

A used and crumpled up and flung aside
Useless belonging! A spoiled dish that, tasted,
Is hurried from the table! Such a thing
I have indeed beheld ere this—a thing
That might make God turn pale among his worlds—
But get you gone; my house is honest.

DAUGHTER:

Oh!

There's honesty; are any folk in heaven
Honest? God's never honest if you are.
Is this my mother?

MOTHER:

I your mother? No.

I have told you that I do not know you; still,
You scarcely will believe it. You act well;
I could have almost taken you for one
You never can be, when you spoke just now.
There's a small difference though. Have you ever heard
Of a maid called Chastity? She's very modest,
Scarce more than a young child; fair, not excelling;
And she was friendly with my daughter: Come,
You've never seen her?

DAUGHTER:

My best friend she was;

She ran away and left me.

MOTHER:

Bring her here,

And I shall know you, it may be; till then

I have no daughter. Will you go away?

III

There were times when some of Meredith's verses had an exasperating sense of an abstract lucidity, which still mockingly lurks about his work. I imagine one of his desires was to tantalize his readers; which reminds me of a phrase used by an undergraduate at Oxford who had heard Mallarmé lecture: "I understood every word, but not a single sentence." Nor do I wonder; for there is so much in Meredith that is difficult and obscure; sometimes a misapplication of the jargon of science to certain of his lines, such as:

"Life, the small self-dragon romped,
Thrill for service to be clamped."

so that those sentences I wrote on Mallarmé might be applied to Meredith "Mallarmé is obscure, not so much because he writes differently as because he thinks differently from other people. His mind is elliptical, and (relying on the intelligence of his readers) he emphasizes the effect of what is unlike other people in his mind by resolutely

ignoring even the links of connection that exist between them."

I have now come to a point when I must explain the other reasons besides those I have mentioned which prevented me from meeting Meredith. In 1898, *The Fortnightly Review* printed *A Note on George Meredith*. I began by saying that he is a poet, who is not in the English tradition, a seeker after some strange, obscure, perhaps impossible, intellectual beauty, austere and fantastic. I said that he has one vision of a world in which probable things do not always happen, and that words are to him as visual as mortal images. Remembering perhaps those Pater had written; that to Rossetti "Life is a crisis at every moment," I said: "And as every sentence is to be an epigram, so every chapter is to be a crisis. And all the characters in his novels are to live at full speed, without a moment's repose; their very languors are to be fevers." After speaking of the intricate web of his plots, spiders' webs that must never be broken, and how his stage is crowded with figures not one of which he will neglect, I said: "Meredith is, in the true, wide sense, as no other English writer of the present time can be said to be, a decadent. What decadence, in literature, really means is that learned corruption of language by which style ceases to be organic, and because, in his pursuit of some new expressiveness in manner, deliberately abnormal, Meredith's style, unlike many self-conscious styles, is alive in every fibre. Not since the Elizabethans have we had so flame-like a life possessing the wanton body of a style."

The genius of George Meredith is unquestionable; he was as great a creator, in fact a greater creator, than any other English novelist, yet his consecration is not, I think, quite explicable. Our literature has not a more vividly entertaining book than *The Shaving of Shagpat*, nor has the soul of a style been lost more spectacularly. And with this fantastic, learned, poetic, passionate, intelligent style, a style which might have lent itself so well to the making of Elizabethan drama, Meredith has set himself the task of

writing novels of contemporary life; nor can it be wondered that every novel of his breaks every rule that could possibly be laid down for the writing of a novel. Why has his prose so irresistible a fascination for so many of us, as it certainly has? I find Meredith breaking every canon of what are to me the laws of the novel; and yet I read him in preference to any other novelist.

Meredith first conceives that the novelist's prime study is human nature and his first duty to be true to it. Moreover, being an artist, he is not content with simple observations; there must be creation, the imaginative fusion of the mass of observed facts. The philosophy of his seeking is only another name for intuition, analysis, imaginative thought. He has comprehension of a character from height to depth through that "eye of steady flame," which he attributes to Shakespeare, and which may be defined in every great artist. He sees it, he beholds a complete nature at once and in entirety. His task is to make others see what he sees. But this cannot be done at a stroke. It must be done little by little, touch upon touch, light upon shade, shade upon light. The completeness, as seen by the seer or creator—the term is the same—must be microscopically investigated, divided into its component parts, produced piece by piece, and connected visibly. It is this that is meant when we talk of analysis; and the antithesis between analysis and creation is hardly so sheer as it seems. Partly through a selection of appropriate action, partly through the revealing casual speech, the imagined character takes palpable form; finally it does, or it should, live and breathe before the reader with some likeness of the hue and breadth of actual life. But there is a step farther, and it is this step that Meredith is strenuous to take. You have the flesh, animate it with spirit, with soul. If this is an unworthy aim, condemn Shakespeare. This is Meredith's, and it is this, and no other consummation, that he prays for in demanding philosophy in fiction.

The main peculiarity of Meredith's style is this: he

thinks, to begin with, before writing—a singular thing, one must observe, for the present day. Then, having certain definite thoughts to express, and thoughts frequently of a difficult remoteness, he is careful to employ words of a rich and fruitful significance, made richer and more fruitful by a studied and uncommon arrangement. His sentences are architectural: and it is natural in reading him to cry out at the strangeness. Strange, certainly; often obscure, often tantalizing; more often magnificent and sombre and strong and passionate, his wit is perhaps too fantastical, too remote, too allusive; partly because it is subtly ironical; perhaps most of all because it is shrewdly stinging to our prejudices. Still, everywhere, the poet, struggling against the bondage of prose, flings himself on every opportunity of evading his bondage. It is thus by the very quality that is his distraction—perhaps because he always writes English as if it were a learned language—that Meredith holds us, by the intensity of his vision of a world which is not our world, by the energy of genius which has done so much to achieve the impossible.

SECRET GARDENS

By HENRIETTA JEWETT KEITH

Behind that brave, unscalable facade,
That each soul fronts the world with, so to guard
Its inner house of individual life,
Apart, inviolate from the outer strife. . . .
Beyond that screening wall, what flowers fair
Grow in the secret gardens tended there.

From journeyings over stony, arid plains
Of life's necessities, its sordid gains,
We come, each pilgrim to some inner shrine
In these still gardens; where love's rose divine,
Reddens; where grow lilies white of prayer,
Forget-me-nots, that tender memories bear,
The calling bells of hope, and some last smile
On broken stalk we tend—fading the while.

THE STATUS OF THE TEACHER

By WALTER H. DRANE

ACCORDING to a decision of the board of trustees of one of the leading medical hospitals, the maximum surgical fee is to be \$1,000 and the charge for professional visits to the hospital is not to exceed \$35 per week. Commenting upon this ruling, a current periodical commends this action as most salutary and economical and urges that, in the interest of fairness, similar action be taken by other hospitals. I read this, and then I gasped; for I happen to be a teacher and, like thousands of others of my profession, after years of study and expensive preparation, my maximum fee is—well, not quite that much for several months' work.

When a small boy, I had as a chum another boy about my size and age. We were desk-mates at school. I found him no smarter, nor bigger, nor stronger than I. He was just an ordinary boy, like myself, and had to study just as hard to learn. Grown to young manhood, we both entered college. After graduation, my friend decided to study medicine and, with three more years in a medical school, entered active practice. I chose to become a teacher and, in preparation for my work, spent five more years in the graduate schools of leading Universities, taking three degrees. Recently I visited my quondam boyhood chum. He is a physician in a southern city. I dined in his elegant home and, after dinner, he took me for a drive over the city in his limousine. Confidentially he informed me that his annual income from his practice was \$20,000 and that it was his intention soon to retire. Again, I gasped; for, with all my preparation, costing in money far more than his, with my experience and hard work thrown in, my income

since graduation would total but little more than that. I do not know, but I would guess that my status in this regard is about that of the average American teacher.

A little later, I had an experience which suggested a possible explanation for this. It became necessary to have a minor operation performed upon my little boy. The operation consumed about ten minutes of the surgeon's time and his fee was \$50. I remarked to the surgeon that it would take me several days to earn enough to pay for his ten minutes' work. "Oh," said the surgeon, "perhaps you studied the wrong thing when you were in college." So that is the explanation; quite satisfactory to the surgeon, no doubt, but, to the teacher, a melancholy comfort to say the most. But it does not explain.

Now, I would not join the ranks of the croakers. I shall be frank enough to acknowledge that, in the instances cited, the personal element may have been the determining cause. I know full well that, as a general rule, ability along any line deserves a liberal reward. I would not argue that doctors, and men of the other professions, are paid too much; but such disparity between their earnings and those of the teachers, whose work requires at least equal ability and talent, calls for an explanation which really does explain.

The foregoing are by no means isolated cases. They are typical and might be duplicated many times from all the professions. A doctor looks at your tongue, feels your pulse and writes a prescription. He charges you one dollar, and maybe plus. His fee is for his knowledge and skill. All very true and as it should be. A teacher examines the mind and soul of a boy. He carefully determines his needs, prescribes the treatment which will develop him into an efficient citizen, and then labors for weeks and months to bring about that development. He employs a knowledge and skill as difficult to acquire, as profound and as varied as those employed by the doctor. Suppose he were to charge one dollar for each prescription and should ask \$35 per

week for professional visits to each patient, a la doctor. Then we suspect, somebody else would gasp. But why should they? While we must not underrate the value of the services of the doctor or those of any other profession, are not the services of the teacher equally as valuable? Then why should there be such disparity in the rewards accorded to each?

I am taking the viewpoint solely of the teacher; but this question is of vital importance to every man and woman in America. Bismarck once said, "Give me control of Germany's schools and, in a single generation, I will make of Germany what I please." Perhaps the World War was a demonstration of the truth of this reputed utterance of the Iron Chancellor. At any rate, I do not fear a challenge for the assertion that the life of our nation and our civilization depends more upon the work of the teachers than upon that of any other class of workers, for that is a truism. Neither shall I trouble the reader with citations of examples to show that the teachers' contributions to social, industrial and religious progress have been large and important. This fact is too well known. Our welfare in its every phase is vitally involved in the status of the teachers for their work is basic in its importance. I am principally concerned just now, not with trying to prove what is admitted, but with seeking to discover an explanation for the present economic and professional status of the teacher as compared with that of the other professions.

Perhaps a glance at history may throw some light on the subject. Even the casual reader must be impressed with the fickleness of society in its estimation of the value of different kinds of service at different times. Some centuries ago, the ministry was the leading profession and received the most liberal rewards. Priests and bishops reaped rich harvests from the sale of absolutions while lawyers, doctors and other professional workers toiled in poverty. We are all familiar with the abuses to which this led. One class of workers was rewarded out of all proportion to the value of

the services they rendered and grew rich at the expense and to the impoverishment of every other form of labor. It bred a vicious social disease, an economic elephantiasis, which brought ruin upon all. Then followed the Reformation and revolution. The church was bereft of its secular power and the ministry was left begging. It has been begging ever since. The State assumed control of government and the lawyer rose in importance as the chief factor in governmental administration. Science, too, gained a new impetus and, with its advancement, the medical profession grew in favor and prestige. In more recent times, other professions of a scientific nature, such as dentistry, engineering and pharmacy have claimed recognition and all have established themselves in popular estimation and upon a stable economic basis. But though, during all these centuries, the teacher has nobly played his part and though he has really done much to create the demand for the services of these other professions, the real value of what he has done has been underrated. While others earn princely rewards by making use of much of what he has contributed to scientific knowledge, he is left with the meager pay of an hireling and must take that or go begging.

Shall we blame society for this, or is the teacher himself to blame?

Glancing back again at history, we observe that society, if we may thus personify men in the aggregate, has always been the purchaser, while the professions have been the vendors of their services. Society, like a shrewd bargainer, has sought to buy as cheaply as possible and would keep the law of supply and demand in unimpeded operation. To meet this, the professions organized and assumed the prerogative of placing a value upon their own services. But they could not do this unless they created a legitimate demand for their work, maintained their professional solidarity and compelled a recognition of the value of what they had to offer. They have established, and enforce,

codes of professional ethics in regulation of their attitude toward their professional brethren and in their relationship to the public at large. They fix their own prices for their service, you can take it or leave it alone. Thus society has been made to recognize the value of their work and to reward it accordingly. But the teachers have never thus organized. There is no such thing as a teaching profession in the sense of the professions of law, medicine and engineering. They have no legal existence or status. True, there are educational societies and associations without number, but their energies are expended mainly in technical discussions, appointment and reports of committees and in passing resolutions. They enforce no code of professional ethics and they take no steps to enforce a general recognition of their profession as such or to fix the charges for their services. They remain disunited and do little toward improving their status as a body of professional workers. A glance at the code of any state will show much legislation in the interests of lawyers, doctors and the other professions, but few laws indeed for the protection or the advantage of the teachers. They have put forth little effort to influence legislation in their favor. They have remained supinely content to take what is given them. Society, true to its instincts, takes them at their own valuation or rather society itself fixes that valuation since they place none upon themselves, and it will continue to do so until they do.

The teachers observe no code of professional ethics towards each other. They recognize little obligation to their fellows. No matter what sort of treatment may be accorded one of their professional brethren, it apparently is a matter of small concern to them. There is a general rush to get the vacant place of a fellow teacher, but he may hope for little comfort or assistance from his brethren, he must take care of himself as best he may. Having no professional standards to meet, save such as his own conscience supplies and his ambition may dictate, the average teacher seems to feel that the conduct of a fellow teacher

has little relation to himself. Apparently it gives him small concern that the standards of his profession may be lowered by the misconduct of a fellow teacher and that thereby lasting injury be worked to its standing in popular esteem. He is too busy trying to get or to hold a position to worry about that. Thus he and his fellows become the victims of political manipulation; they are at the mercy of cliques, boards and organizations whose interests are often foreign to those of education and who often seek its exploitation for their own benefit. We need hardly cite examples of this, nor need we mention the almost infinite harm it all does, not only to the teachers, but to education as well. It is indeed a very serious matter for us all. But the teachers can do more to remedy it than anyone else. In fact, we may go further and assert that, if the teachers do not remedy it, then it will remain as it is. The teacher will continue to be what he is now: an industrial slave.

I have had something to do with college and school administration for many years and have thus had an opportunity to get an inside view of the teacher's real status. Let it become known that a position is vacant and immediately a flood of applications pours in from all quarters. Letters of recommendations, photographs of all sizes and presentments, litter your desk, and to delve into such a mass is indeed a task. Teachers' agencies, hungry for a fee, trot out their candidates dozens at a time. Such a situation to me oftentimes is discouraging. Of course, first of all, I am thinking of the teachers, but not altogether so. How can education maintain its place as a dignified profession when its votaries are placed in such an attitude? A teacher is not regarded, nor is he treated, as a member of a learned profession; he is rated as an hireling, he is a victim of political and commercial traffic. He must become industrially free, but he himself must win that freedom.

I am well aware of the usual arguments advanced in support of the teacher's meager pay. It is maintained that the work of teaching is philanthropic in character and that

the consciousness that he is doing good, contributing to the general well-being and advancement of society and of his race, this is his chief reward. Be it parenthetically noted that this argument is usually advanced by those who are not themselves teachers. The doctor, the lawyer and the engineer may lay just claim to the same kind of reward, but they make no reduction in their fees because of that fact. The argument is too trivial to merit serious notice. The teacher naturally grows a little weary of listening to such "high words on an empty stomach." Along with the other professional workers, he is worthy of his reward, material as well as that of an approving conscience, and he feels that he should have it. But he needs yet to awaken to professional self-consciousness, to realize that to win those rewards he must exert his power as a member of a great corporate body of professional workers. Of him it must not be said, "He saved others, himself he cannot save."

In the matter of organization and the regulation of charges, it must be admitted that the other professions have the advantage of that of teaching. They deal more with things material and the need for their services is more immediately felt. They are, therefore, more readily accorded the right to their status and permitted to fix their charges for their services. We are all more at the mercy of the doctors and the lawyers and they are, therefore, in a position more to dictate. One feels his appendix and knows that he stands in need of a surgeon at once to save his life. A sense of gratitude for the restoration to life and health makes one willing to pay, or to try to pay, the surgeon whatever he may choose to charge. We are brought also fully to realize immediately the value of legal services, not only to ourselves individually, but to society in general, and we readily grant to the lawyer his fees. But the labors of the teachers are made manifest in things invisible and in blessings long deferred. He is trying to build character; he is working not so much for the present, but for the future, and he is, therefore, expected to take much of his

reward in invisible things and in blessings long deferred. Thus far he has been content to accept the popular verdict. But it has worked harm, both to himself and to society. It has lowered his efficiency and it has taken away from him the opportunity for rendering a larger and a better service. So much the greater need for organization on his part that he may place himself before the world in his true attitude, and that he may convince others of the reward that he justly merits. The idea is all too prevalent that somehow or other learning must come free. We should realize that for education, as for other things, we must pay the price, we must not try to get something for nothing, and in lifting the world out of this false idea the teacher must play the leading part.

THE DAY GOES OUT IN RAIN

By DAVID MORTON

Only the rain is left . . . the solid trees
Have found a fading ghostliness to wear,
And beaten hills go down on heavy knees
In cumbersome grotesqueries of prayer.
Only the rain is heard . . . the world falls still,
All her sweet noises drowned, one after one;
Earth drops away. . . no light is on the hill;
It rains . . . and rains . . . and never will have done.

Most strange to think, beyond some tavern door,
Men gay of speech are warm in lighted rooms,
Not knowing that the world, now, is no more,
That all things have gone down to grievous dooms—
And one last watcher at a window pane,
Saw the world lost in sullen, drowning rain.

A POET OF THE LEAN YEARS

By KARLE WILSON BAKER

“**A**N odd jealousy,” says Emerson, speaking of the poet’s feeling in the presence of Nature. But there is another jealousy which is quite as odd: our jealousy for the objects of our enthusiasm. It is oddly poignant, oddly gratuitous. We are ready to come to blows over the peaceful dead: to quarrel with a brother for some beloved stranger’s sake.

But the particular name which for years has haunted me in this way is not quite that of a stranger. In 1898, William Vaughn Moody was an instructor in English at the University of Chicago. I entered the University that year at the beginning of the summer quarter. I was a freshman in every sense, but I had “advanced standing” in English; and I was allowed to take English IV, a “daily theme course,” which happened to fall to Mr. Moody that summer. Some two years later, I was for a time a “student assistant” in the English department; I read themes, two or three times a week, for one of two or three different instructors. But though my sheaf of themes sometimes came from Mr. Moody’s classes, I usually received it from another assistant who was doing clerical work in the English department, and returned it in the same way. Once I took part in one of the regular quarterly contests in public speaking, for which, as it happened, the academic mill ground out Mr. Moody as one of the judges. Whenever I read of his Chicago period in the “Letters,” I smile—thinking of that brutally hot afternoon, of the anxious and perspiring orators, and of the patient and courteous young man who was about this time writing to his friend, “I am gone stark dumb. I rap myself and get a sound of cracked clay. A white rage seizes me at times, against the pottering drudgery that has fastened its lichen-

teeth on me, and is softening down by 'crisp-cut name and date.' "

But the "white rage"—or, indeed, any kind of impatience or lack of sympathy—was quite unsuspected by his students. I remember that, when the "Letters" were published, I read them first with a ludicrous shock of astonishment and dismay! So *that* was what we were doing to him, as we sat day after day in his classroom, intent upon his every word: lest that level voice, that polite and unassuming manner—half-casual, half-diffident—should lull us into "missing something." For he was an inimitable talker; and we knew from experience that the pearls were for the alert. He did not care, apparently, how harmlessly they rolled off the others, to whom the main stream of his discourse was conscientiously adapted. The best things in his talk were quite negligent and unpremeditated. They were mere sparks from the classroom anvil: startling only because it was young Vulcan at the mundane vorge, easing his cramped muscles a bit by these left-handed calisthenics.

I have yet to talk with a former student of his who did not feel, as I did, something unique in his teaching. He hated teaching, but, with characteristic justice and lucidity, he did not let that fact stand in the way of his doing it well. Thus he writes to Mr. Robinson, "I am merely paying the market rates for my bread and beer, commodities for which many a better man has been villainously overcharged." This attitude partly accounts for the respect and affection he inspired in his students; but no amount of painstaking honesty could have made him the teacher that he was. The truth is, that so thorough-going a humanist could not fail to have something of the teacher in him; he detested teaching only because it stood between him and his greater gift. By that necessary bread-winning work he was "held far from his delight." But back of the thwarted poet and the harassed teacher stood a man: that was his secret. The spill-way of a great personality will always carry more water than the full channel of a small one.

And so it has come about that, though I knew only Moody the teacher, I have come, as the years have passed, to see the singing robes of a great poet settling upon the shoulders of the obscure young man at the desk; and that without any sense of violence or incongruity. And I have come to believe that I have gained certain authentic insights into his life and work from that slight and brief association. Though he was already known to the discriminating, he had published no volume when I first knew him. "The Masque of Judgment" was published in 1900; "Poems" appeared in May, 1901. "The Fire-Bringer" was brought out in 1904; the "Collected Poems and Dramas," not until 1912, two years after his death. In 1913 came the little book edited with so fine a touch by his friend, Daniel Gregory Mason, and called "Some Letters of William Vaughn Moody"—surely one of the most distinctive volumes of letters ever published: one of the most keen-flavored and delightful.

Now, the thing that most afflicts the enthusiast for Moody's work is the perversity of these dates. Our "poetic revival"—which even the glummiest and most grudging admit to be a revival of general *interest* in poetry—is dated by common consent, I believe, from 1912. It was just around the corner when Moody died. In his happiest moments, he caught the flutter of its reckless banners and heard far-off its "silver-trumpets a-cry." What it would have done for him personally—for his satisfaction in his struggles, for the fuller flowering of his powers—is easily imagined by any reader of his letters and student of his character and work. What it would have done for his reputation, I think, is indicated by the position to which it has raised his distinguished friend and contemporary, Edwin Arlington Robinson. I have scant sympathy with that mood of criticism which would tear all rival singers to tatters, in order to dress out a chosen Chanticleer in the bloody feathers; and certainly the most jealous partisan of Moody's poetry would not undervalue Mr. Robinson's fine work, or wish him a leaf less to his laurels. What does constantly

recur to a victim of that "odd jealousy" is this reflection. If Mr. Robinson had died at forty-three, and Mr. Moody had lived till today, would the latter be everywhere recognized and deferred to as the dean of American poetry, and the former accorded an occasional polite, retrospective word in the midst of a general silence? Certainly such a state of affairs would be most unjust to Mr. Robinson, and I think the present one is at least as unfair to Mr. Moody. In other words, it is largely a matter of accident that Moody's high place in our poetry is not more generally recognized. Time, to be sure, corrects the effects of accident upon literary reputations; and Moody's work, well done, lies

"Awaiting Time, the last to own
The genius from his cloudy throne—"

Meanwhile, I lack that vast impersonal patience. I have met poetry-lovers of light and leading who fully shared my enthusiasm; and yet, in their public utterances, they preserve on this point almost "the taciturnity of Time"!

While Moody was building his reputation, Mr. Robinson was almost his only considerable rival. The bent of his genius, the drift of his mind, was completely different from Mr. Robinson's: Moody recognized the fact with a fine generosity and a self-rueful humor. He expressed his sense of it most amusingly in his letters. From his informal utterances on this point, as from all his words and acts, shines out one of his rarest and finest characteristics: his power to combine independence with kindliness and candor, courage and tenacity with sympathy and tolerance. His choices and refusals were uncompromising and deliberate; if ever our rank national life, so berated for its commercialism and "crass materialism," produced dedicated spirit, it was he. The central fact of his life was the religious seriousness with which he took his work; but it was a seriousness that was entirely compatible, on occasion, with an uproarious humor, and was miles removed from the dour, defiant solemnity which is the fashion in some quarters today. His

luminous and discerning mind could distinguish between the aim and the performance, even when the performance was his own. He saw that the most intense effort and aspiration might, now and again, fail of its aim; but he saw the further fact that the aim was not in the slightest degree invalidated thereby. He never swerved from his allegiance, nor apologized for any attempt; but, when he had doffed his singing robes, he could make egregious fun of his own possible failure to achieve his aim. In short, he never wavered from what he called his "service before the high altars"; but he never found it necessary, even in defense against an unfriendly Time-Spirit, to set up a public and official cult of self-worship. And this was but part of a still more inclusive characteristic. For, in general, the whole bent of his mind was opposed to that dogma which, though tacit, lies at the root of so much of our current criticism: the assumption that the way to exalt or to restore a desirable quality is to decry its opposite. Because he adores "starkness," the contemporary critic, too often, would pass a new constitutional amendment against all softness of finish or outline, all blurring, all exuberant ornament. Having, with admirable perspicacity, perceived that the clear air of the desert is magical, he would banish jungles and Irish rain from the scheme of things entire. Moody's mind held rather to the conviction that, as William James says somewhere, it is hardly possible to have too much of a quality, if only you have enough of its opposite to balance it; or, as Emerson puts it, "All plus is good; only put it in the right place."

May I hint that this serene largeness, this candid and catholic habit of mind, with the whole philosophy it brings inevitably in its train, is the chief reason why Moody's poetry still waits to claim its true place among us? Our moment worships frankness, but it is most impatient with candor—a very different thing. And, in spite of all we may say, it is a writer's way of looking at the world which wins or alienates us, whatever our critical canons or æsthet-

ic theories. We feel faith and energy in the sentence-rhythms of a robust and tonic artist; a cynic's prepositions break from his hold and snap at us; while the very articles of a great romantic pessimist wear purple plumes, and his mere conjunctions suffer gloomy delusions of grandeur. We may force ourselves to pay due tribute to the uncongenial master, but inevitably we are drawn to our own. Now, our recent spokesmen—those specialists who set the literary fashions, and to whom the hungry sheep look up from woman's club and classroom—have not liked Moody's prevailing mood. If there is anything that is hateful to the ministers of an iconoclastic Time-Spirit, it is serenity. They find in it only smugness, cowardice, and pretense. They can smell it through the covers of a book. But true serenity—a serenity with the palpitancy of joy and the lustre of pain—is not an instinctive attitude: it is a difficult and final achievement. Because we *must* clean house, need we break *all* the furniture? The larger public (detested by so many of our cosmic housewives) will never think so.

Moody is not to be classed with the "inheritors of unfulfilled renown," in the sense that his work is more promise than fulfillment. The body of it is small, in one sense, but in another it is massive, and it is always vital and glowing. Nor am I of those who set aside his early work, like the *Masque*, as florid and flamboyant, and admit the validity only of the simpler and severer work of his later years. The latter is more flawless, perhaps, but, in a sense, it is less Moody. I think that Gabriel's songs and speeches in the *Masque* form the glowing core of his work; I go back oftenest to these; and I would keep them if—harrowing hypothesis!—I had to part with all the rest. But this does not mean that I value any the less the splendid austere power of "The Fire-Bringer" and "The Death of Eve." And it is true that his steady growth in restraint and mastery, added to the peculiar cast of his mind and the tragic fact of his death at forty-three, confirms the student in the conviction that this fine and important performance is itself a promise,

a vestibule to a much vaster, forever uncompleted edifice. For the inescapable bias of Moody's mind was toward large subjects. Nobody understood this fact better than he, or saw more clearly that such a bent was uncongenial to the prevailing mood. He met the issue, as always, with courage and humor. But the mind which, by an inner necessity, deals with large subjects, also ripens slowly. Mr. Untermeyer would have us believe that this urgent preference for major subjects is the mark of the minor poet—a beguiling paradox, one must admit. But it is more beguiling than true: it is the fine flower of one of those not infrequent occasions when Mr. Untermeyer capitulates to his own cleverness. Critics who will not be wise are punished by being made clever; and sometimes Mr. Untermeyer finds it boring to be wise. But it is not therefore necessary to admit that the giants have preferred to carve cherry-stones. The giants, on the contrary—while dropping their fair share of cherry-stones by the way—have shown a magnificent contempt for the risks involved in large subjects, whereas the poet who deliberately confines himself to small subjects is a shrewd soul, first cousin to the inventor of the modern maxim, “The bigger they are, the harder they fall.” His version is, “The higher they climb, the farther they fall”; and you cannot fall far from the sky-side of a cherry-stone.

It is too much to hope that any utterance inspired by that “odd jealousy” which is confessedly at the bottom of this paper should altogether escape a tone of complaint and protest; but I think the complainant may at least be allowed to take the responsibility for any querulousness upon her own shoulders. My special pleading would quite have defeated all its ends if it left in any reader's mind a picture of its object as a wronged or plaintive figure. In one of his familiar letters, Moody writes, “Chicago is several kinds of hell, but I won't weary you with asseverations that I am being shamefully victimized by Fate; you wouldn't believe it—and, besides, it's a lie.” Indeed, nothing is plainer than that Moody built his life around the healthy conviction that the

great soul "answers its own prayers"; "deep in the man sits fast his fate." It was his lot to fall upon one of those recurrent periods when moral energy is largely locked up and dormant; when the soul, so to speak, is pupating. At such periods, this ancient belief becomes very unpopular; but with Moody it seems to have been bred in the bone. He had all the usual temptations to repudiate or evade it, but his own sound instinct was its ally. Wistfulness, "white rage," a grotesque eloquence in execration—these make half the pathos, charm, and humanness of the early letters; but the instant he feels himself slipping into self-pity, taking refuge in self-extenuation, he pulls himself together with some merciless jibe at his weakness, some rueful, contagious guffaw at his own expense. Sometimes, in those early letters, we are permitted to see a little deeper, to glimpse the sources of power. Sometimes the page is shaken or illumined by a flash of intuition, a profound pulsation of human tenderness; sometimes we catch in his tired speech the deep breath of reasoned fortitude. And this virile and honest way of taking life, persisted in through all his difficulties, could not fail to bring him to that self-realization which is the core of success. Some measure of external success he did enjoy, toward the last; and he had from the beginning his fit audience of the few who were prepared to accord him recognition. Had he lived longer, this would have ripened into the assured and liberal fame which we cannot help coveting for powers and services like his. But his friends loved him; and, dying in the first fulness of his powers, he yet lived to find himself, as he had said years before in "Second Coming," "firm-seated in his proper good." And that, for man or artist, is success. It is not he who needs to be honored, but America who needs to honor him.

COLLEGE—ONE YEAR AFTER

By ROBERT C. FLACK

FOR several years the better magazines of the country have contained many articles on education. The long controversy which began in the middle of the nineteenth century with the advancement of the claim of science to stand on a parity with the classics has become even more heated since November, 1918. Education has been one of the many things to be discussed and reviewed in the light of four years of new and world-shaking experience.

The magazines have set forth the views on education of business men, high school principals, college professors, and various literary persons of note. As far as I know, education has not been discussed in the light of a young college graduate's experience. It may be of some interest to the readers of this magazine to see the reaction in a very recent Bachelor of Arts to both the education offered by the American University and to the prolonged and diversified discussion of that education. I cannot, I must admit at once, speak for more than an exceedingly limited proportion of my college generation.

I

I graduated from Harvard a year ago last June, standing neither at the head nor at the foot of my class. In college I had concentrated in English literature, taking also considerable quantities of history, some philosophy and some sociology, some modern languages, only one course of science, and no Greek or Latin. It may be said that I occupied a halfway position in the progress of education from the old classical to the new scientific. I had taken largely what one might call the newer humanities, history,

languages and literature. I have, consequently, no bias toward either the old classical standard or the new technical and vocational standard.

Looking back on my years at Cambridge, I can see four ways in which we might have been, and a few of us were, educated. First, we were taught some degree of mental discipline, which is merely to say that we learned, more or less, how to use our own intellectual weapons and to profit by our own intellectual capacities. Superficially, the knowledge of the tools necessary in learning, the use of dictionaries, indices, reference books, encyclopedias of different sorts and all the paraphernalia of a library, lay in this phase of education. It is elementary, but essential, to learn how and where quickly to find the most authoritative information on any given subject. Such training, however, is only the necessary and fundamental basis for the mental development. The acquisition of habits of accuracy, open-mindedness and discernment; the possession of a mind as active, supple and keen as a good blade of Toledo in the hands of a skilled fencer, those we could have gone far to develop during those four years. I am not saying, you understand, that I or that many of us did avail ourselves of these opportunities; I am only stating what we might have achieved had we had the necessary talent and the necessary application.

In such training lies one, and perhaps the only, contribution that an education in the humanities can offer to the efficiency of the business man or the scientist. One of the partners of Lee, Higginson and Company, now retired, once told me that, of two boys engaged by the firm at the same time, one with and one without a college education, the one without would be twice as valuable at the end of a year. This he explained by the old doctrine that the college graduate had so much theory to forget. At the end of the second year the two boys would be about equally useful. At the end of the third, the educated boy would be many times more valuable, because his trained mind gave

him a judgment and facility in using to advantage his experience that the other boy could never have. Francis Bacon meant much the same thing when he said of studies that their use "for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned." So spoke one of the first great modern scientists.

Carlyle said that the university was chiefly valuable in teaching him to read. That, to my mind, is the second great opportunity that a college education offered us. The whole sum of man's accumulated wisdom, the story of his attempts and failures and further attempts to better his lot and that of his fellow men, all this was gathered for us to read. Before us was laid history, which, as Miss Repplier says, is the most essential of all education and literature, which is history made interesting, and often more relevant to the intellectual and mental and moral standards of its time than formal history itself. We were made to read a good deal, and that led to more, until it became a settled habit to read about not one, but many different provinces of man's accomplishment. I doubt if any single gift of the university can be more important than that of intellectual curiosity. It is, as Miss Repplier also said, impossible now even to grasp the extent of knowledge and to know the bare names of all the new sciences and theories; but, if one is to approach his own age with any power of judgment, he must have a profound and insatiable curiosity for all the records of the past. Because there is so much to know, one must not give up the attempt to know something.

For me, personally, the key to the comprehension of the past lies largely in the novels, the plays, the biographies, all the literature of the era in question. For others it lies in the dryer and, theoretically, more exact and precise pages of history. For yet others, it lies in the contemplation of the paintings, statues and monuments that represent the

spirit of that particular age. It matters little how one searches for an understanding of all the centuries that lie behind our own. The essential thing is to have an eager zest for the search, never to stop, never to say, "Now I know all that there is to know about that," and never to confine oneself entirely to any one field of learning.

The university instilled also a certain intelligence in reading. I don't mean merely that it made evident the waste of time, the futility of reading only popular novels and cheap magazines. It taught us to use some discrimination in our reading, to discover for ourselves where the personal bias of each author lay, where it was necessary to discount what he said, where necessary to supply some fact that he had omitted. It taught us to set the opinion of one author against that of another, to ascertain where each was right and each was wrong. We learned to distinguish between the statements of the northern historians that the Confederate Army was nearly as large as the Federal and the statements of the southern historians that it was about a quarter the size of its opponent. We began to understand that truth lay somewhere between the two views, and that we could discover it only by using our own judgment. We came to discern the different mental attitude of Milton and of Butler in any account of the Commonwealth, and to search for the midway position that should approximate the truth. To quote the same essay of Bacon, we read, "Not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

The third phase of education that Harvard offered us is undoubtedly the most essential of all. Professor Kittredge once told a class, of which I was a member, that the difference between the man with a college training and the man without was this: the educated man could, and the other could not, escape to a certain extent from his inherited and constitutional prejudices and consider a question on at least a partially impersonal basis. Naturally, this lack of bias in judgment is at best only relative. It is utterly impossible

for any human being to detach himself entirely from his personality in considering any fact of experience or weighing the two sides of any argument. The effect of the university training is to enable one, however, to discard the more obvious prejudices, the less fundamental of one's inherited and acquired concepts. The educated man is much more successful than the uneducated in attaining an open mind and a purely intellectual plane, from which to pass judgment, solely on the merits of a case. Incidentally, I suppose that Henry Adams achieved as complete a detachment as is possible from the ordinary biases of human nature. In the *Education* it is very hard to trace any particular prejudice, any habitual manner of regarding the facts of life other than that of complete and unhesitating impartiality.

With the achievement of a judicial attitude there comes a certain ability to understand and correlate the unnumerable events of the past and also the facts of present and personal experience. It is not enough to acquire knowledge, it is not enough to know what kind of knowledge to acquire; such acquisition is useless unless the items of learning can be put each in its proper relation to the others, so that all dovetail to make a unified and comprehensible whole. This is what H. G. Wells tried to do for himself and for others in the "Outline of History." How well he succeeded is a matter of opinion; at least, I think, he approached closer to a correlation of his knowledge than have the majority even of educated men.

The university provides, to review briefly, to those of its students who can be brought to accept the advantages offered, a certain extent of mental discipline; a varying interest in and desire for reading, intelligently, critically and widely applied; more or less assistance in achieving a relatively impersonal and unbiased judgment; and a faculty for correlating the facts of both learning and experience.

II

What then, after four years of education, is the attitude of the college graduate to the post-war life of the twentieth

century? Once again I must impress upon my readers that I cannot speak for a very large proportion of my class. Doubtless many of them never even realized that they had such a thing as an outlook on life, and that it was the result, unconsciously, of what they did or did not get out of their four years at Cambridge. I think I may say, however, that a considerable number of those who stopped to think at all would agree with my conclusions.

Any discussion of the graduate's attitude toward modern life must be incomplete without some consideration of the effect that youth and inexperience have upon him. Until the day when he leaves the university he has looked at the world through spectacles tinted with academic and theoretical colors; from the college window he has looked on life in a detached and critical frame of mind, judging it probably more impartially than he ever will be able to again. His youth, moreover, apart from the effect of the college, tends to make his mental attitude light heartedly pessimistic, or unthinkingly optimistic. The criticism of the business man that the college graduate has so much theory to unlearn is partially, and only partially, true. It never seems to occur to the business man that he, as well as everyone, had his theories. He calls them "The right way of doing things," but they are theories none the less, and those of each man of affairs differ in varying degrees from those of his fellows. The business man is right, nevertheless, in claiming that his ways of thinking and acting are the result of his personal experience; those of the graduate are the result of other men's thought and action. Inevitably, the attitude of the college student imperceptibly changes as his own experience modifies his preconceived notions. At graduation he is largely the product of what he has read and has learned, not of what he has done. Obviously this is not true of those men in my college generation who fought in the war; for the majority of my classmates, however, their experience in the army was not sufficiently long to affect their attitude.

Miss Repplier, in her article in the April *Atlantic*, spoke at length of the vast extent and diversity of knowledge as compared with the compactness of what men needed to know in the nineteenth century. This can easily be illustrated by a comparison of the liberal arts, the basis for the A. B. degree, in the middle ages with the liberal arts now. Six hundred years ago, Chaucer's clerk studied grammar, logic, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry, music and astronomy. Today the undergraduate at Harvard has fifty-three different departments from which to choose his courses. The instruction in all of those departments, it is to be remembered, is given by the faculty of arts and sciences for the undergraduate as well as for the graduate student. It is not difficult to see how much chance the student has of taking "all learning for his province." Of necessity the greatest lesson of the modern university is to teach him how little he knows. It is no wonder that the student who makes a serious effort at graduation to look on life intelligently, as an educated man should, is bewildered and appalled by the extent of his ignorance and the impossibility of ever really overcoming it. Life, as well as education, is now almost too complex to be grasped by any one mind. It is hard for the conscientious graduate who has spent four years in the effort to gain a background against which he is to look at life intelligently, at once to appreciate the impossibility of ever achieving his aim. The world, once he stands outside the gates of his college, becomes a maze which appears to have no path toward an eminence from which he can comprehend it intelligently.

Since the seventeenth century men have been gradually losing their faith in revealed religion and their acceptance of religious morality as the criterion for thought and action. The Deists in the eighteenth century had little enough faith and sometimes more, sometimes less, morality. It is, of course, self-evident that morality does not depend upon religious faith for its sole foundation; for centuries, however, Christianity and the doctrines of the Church were the

cornerstone on which men built their standards of right and wrong. Then the cornerstone, for many men, crumbled and by the beginning of the twentieth century agnosticism was as common as faith among the students at both the English and the larger American universities. Stephen McKenna, in his reminiscences "While I Remember," tells how the boys at Westminster School became agnostics, and then, each for himself, built a philosophy of life in which humanitarianism took the place of Christianity, and morality was based on philosophy rather than religion. It is not for me to say which state of things is better; but it is futile to deny the fact of the change. Many of the American students graduating in 1921 faced this situation. The old foundation of morality, the old standards of thought and behavior, had largely disappeared, and each man had to replace them for himself by whatever philosophy he could discover or formulate.

Similarly, the old ideals in state and society are in flux. Church and state are separated, and both, but especially the state, are undergoing vast transformations. With the industrial revolution the ideal of church and state, one unified and harmonious whole, functioning as an earthly father for all men, disappeared. Wherever the factory system and mechanical civilization became dominant, the rôle of the state was reduced to that of a gigantic policeman, having little more to do than to keep order among its members and to protect them from foreign aggression. *Laissez faire* became the catch-word of statesmen and business men alike. By the end of the nineteenth century, and even before, the abuses of the factory system became apparent even to conservative members of society. Innumerable radical doctrines proposed to destroy the capitalist state and erect a new one on entirely different principles. Gradually the governments of the industrial nations, England, America, France, Germany, Italy, all returned to varying degrees of paternalism and regulation of the relations of man to man. The essential thing for the young graduate in all history

was simply that no theory, no practice, was as yet fixed and proved to be the right or best one. Social and political beliefs, as well as religious, were unsettled, were still on trial. Nowhere was it possible to find a position, an attitude, which was generally held to be correct. Each man had to judge for himself, and there were almost as many solutions to the problems of the modern world as there were thinking men. Authority and discipline no longer had cogency. The war added many problems to those already needing settlement, and made discussion and argument among masses of men enormously more difficult. In the spheres of religion, government and social organization the graduate looked on a world in chaos.

It would almost appear that education had made peace of mind and happiness more remote for the man who had spent four years in college than they would have been if he had remained uneducated. This must be admitted, to a certain extent, as true; always knowledge and the responsibility that comes with it have rendered light-hearted and self-centered content more difficult to achieve. To many ignorance is and will remain bliss. If, however, the world is to have any chance of escaping from the cataclysm with which vast and warring forces threaten it, if solutions are to be found to the problems of the day, if men are once more to be made reasonably satisfied with life, it must be done under the guidance and leadership of the educated men and women. It is only through a knowledge of the past, a familiarity with the true nature and the ancient roots of each modern problem, that life can once more be made tolerable to the bodies and minds of men. To the individual, moreover, a realization that he is helping intelligently to, however infinitesimal a degree, bring the world once more into control of its material and spiritual development, will offset the despair that must at times come upon him when he sees the extent of the present chaos. Ignorance is bliss, but knowledge and the consciousness of power and

understanding carry with them a pride for one's share in the work of the world which is surely a better happiness.

A. Edward Newton, in the first of his two delightful volumes on book collecting and the pleasures of a dilettante in literature, speaks of the necessity that we all feel sometimes to escape from the turmoil of the modern world to a region of content and tranquility. Mr. Newton finds his retreat in the English literature of the eighteenth century. It matters little where it be found, so long as one can be sure of finding it. The education offered to us at Cambridge opened the road to any number of quiet nooks and corners where in books we could forget the present and lose ourselves in the record of man's achievements, defeats and pleasures throughout the past. For an educated man there are innumerable byways of learning where he may wander at peace, safe for a time from the intrusion of stock markets and strikes and wars. The value of this is immense, for no one can fight even a good fight twenty-four hours of the day. Somewhere, sometime, we all have to rest and recuperate, if we are to put our best into our accomplishment.

At no time in history has the position of civilization been much more precarious than at present. Besides the natural exhaustion and waste and the hate of man for man left by the war, the variance between the interests of labor and capital threatens a worse catastrophe than that of 1914. In some countries and in certain spheres of action there are signs of improvement. Of these the Washington conference is very important. In other places the omens are not so favorable. The fall of the Briand ministry, the present coal strike, are signs, one of nationalist jingoism and aggression, the other of industrial disease. The outcome of it all is still, and will be for long, veiled in obscurity. Whether the world is to recover slowly to a state of things more or less approximate to that of 1900-1910, or whether the change from one sort of civilization to another has just begun, no one can say. If any way out is to be found, it will have to be by the men and women of education. The five hundred

young men who graduated with me had the opportunity to equip themselves for the task of aiding in this reconstruction. It is as yet too early to discover how many of them profited by their opportunity. At least, enough, I am sure, fitted themselves at Cambridge for intelligent participation in the life of the modern world to justify the effort of education.

INTRODUCTORY POEM

(*To the Volume "Nights of Sleepwalking by Daylight"*)

Translated from the Swedish of August Strindberg by Charles Wharton Stork

On the Avenue de Neuilly
A meat-shop one may spy,
And as I go to the city
I always pass nearby.

Through the big open window
Shines blood all red and fresh,
And on white slabs of marble
Steams the new-slaughtered flesh.

Today there hung by the glass door
In ruffled papers rolled
A heart—a calf's, I fancy—
That trembled as with cold.

At that my swift thoughts hurried
Where rows of windows blaze
In the Norrebro shops at Stockholm,
And women and children gaze.

There hangs in a book-store window
A small, thin-covered book.
That, too, is a heart new-butchered
Which dangles on its hook.

SHOULD THE HOUSEWIFE RECEIVE A SALARY?

By MARGARET MUNSTERBERG

THERE is a frequent complaint among housewives that, whereas their work never ends and requires just as much if not more energy and presence of mind and is certainly as indispensable as that of their freer sisters in offices and schools, they, nevertheless, receive no measurable—that is, no financial—reward. The fact that these housekeepers are being supported and have the means of their husbands, fathers or brothers, as the case may be (for short, we will call this collective concept husbands), at their disposal, seems an arbitrary and unsatisfactory compensation for their constant and thorough labors. The housewife, they maintain, should receive a clear-cut salary like any other executive official; only then will this most wearing of occupations acquire a dignity on a level with the salaried work of educated women.

But would this really be the case? Can the worth of the so-called “home-maker” ever be adequately expressed in pecuniary terms? It may be said that there are certain well-defined positions in the field of domestic science which are salaried and have their normal stages of advancement. The matrons and housekeepers of schools, colleges and hospitals, the managers of club-houses, community kitchens and the like have their careers and salaries like a lawyer, office-manager or teacher. Why, then, should not the domestic administration of the housewife be recognized and rewarded in the same systematic way? But there’s the rub. The graduate of a domestic science course will begin her career as an assistant or as the manager of a small establishment and work her way up to ever larger positions until finally she has a large staff under her direction and respon-

sibility for the work of other beginners. This is as it should be and the growing salary is an adequate means of measuring the growth of experience and responsibility. But can the housewife advance from smaller to larger establishments? Is the most gifted and energetic home-maker not bound "for better and for worse" to the chance salary or income of her husband? The incompetent little butterfly wife of a banker may preside over many servants, perhaps even over a salaried housekeeper and a social secretary, whereas the wife of a young college instructor—she who may be a brilliant college graduate and a former editor or teacher—will have to turn her unusual capacities into the performance of daily manual tasks. If the housewife were recompensed in the same systematic way as the professional domestic science worker according to the size of the establishment which she directs, then the brilliant college graduate will receive a diminutive salary compared with that of the wealthy butterfly. Moreover, the excellent home-maker for the professional man of small means has no prospect of ever expanding the scope of her domestic activities very much, and if she can do so, it is not due to her own competence, but to the efforts or good fortune of her consort. Accordingly, it is impossible to grade the salary of the housewife in a way parallel to the grading of salaries in the field of professional domestic science.

It has been objected, however, that if salaries were paid to home-makers on a professional basis, it would only be just to grade these salaries, not according to the size of the establishment, but according to the work done by the housewife herself. It requires far greater ingenuity, these objectors say, to make "both ends meet" and to make much out of little by careful planning, economy and taste than it does to let the cook order and the husband pay the bills. That is true enough, and the elastic accomplishments of the ever-ready, working housewife, of course, deserve recognition. But if a hard and fast salary system is going to be adopted, it cannot be contrary to the established customs of

the hard business world. It may require more energy and courage for the small business man to do his own type-writing, answer his own telephone calls and attend to all his affairs himself, than it does for the owner of a large concern to drop into his office at ten o'clock and dictate to a large staff of workers. But the small business man does not, from a business point of view, consider himself the superior of his more prosperous neighbor, but hopes, by dint of constant effort and intelligence, to rise to a position of equal prosperity. We cannot upset the usual values of business life if we are going to apply a businesslike evaluation to the administration of households. On the other hand, the accomplished young wife of a clergyman, school superintendent or college professor would scorn to have her household compared with a business at the bottom of the financial scale.

It thus seems impossible to fit the most essential and exacting of occupations into a system of financial recompense. Further, though the protesting housewife maintains that she works more hours during the day than her salaried sisters—does she actually work for the same number of hours every day, or has she not rather that freedom of the never-free who can take their time off when they see fit, but who must be ready for all-night vigils if an emergency demands it? Can such a state of mind—for home-making is largely a state of mind—be adequately paid at all? The work of a physician, of a college president and many other responsible professions require a state of constant readiness, and usually, too, such sacrificial services are underpaid. Inasmuch as they are paid, however, the payment is given chiefly for a certain technical proficiency. The educated young home-maker certainly does not want to receive cook's wages. Nor in the larger households is the mere administration—the management of servants, the keeping of accounts, etc.—the beginning and end of the housewife's vocation. Inspired housekeeping is not a science, but an art. The combined functions of an interior decorator, a

floral designer, a caterer, a kindergarten teacher, a social worker, a nurse and a humorist cannot make a sum total which will equal that elusive, indefinable, yet so very actual art of home-making. It cannot be measured in terms of technical proficiency, and, therefore, cannot be recompensed like the technical professions. Further, like all good art, it could never be paid enough. And as the financial reward could never be commensurate with its real worth, the practitioners of this art should recognize that it is better to withdraw their claims, and that their services, like all the best, the priceless goods of life, must be gratuitous.

SONG OF KRISHNA

By JOHN CRAWFORD

I am Krishna with my flute,
Heaven thrust me from its gates;
I bring love to any maiden,
Where she sits alone and waits.

When I pipe to you so sweetly,
To seduce you from your sleep,
You must come though you will tremble,
You will come though you must weep.

I will teach your lips to quiver
To the passion of your tears;
Subtle pains will set ashiver
Limbs betrayed to languid years.

Mad and blind and drunk of beauty,
You will flaunt your naked joy;
You will glory in dishonor:
Krishna had me for a toy!

AN OLD KINSHIP AND A NEW FRIENDSHIP

By EDITH LYTTTELTON

(Honorable Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, D. B. E.)

PEOPLE are always talking about the relations between England and America; sometimes they shake their heads and murmur forebodings; sometimes they wave flags and shout generalities: few think out carefully just what is meant by the words themselves, still fewer how a good, and not a bad, relationship is to be fostered.

There is much against us: an ancient grudge continually ministered to on the one side, and on the other an ignorant indifference. Very often, too, there is a clashing of interests, a jealousy and an envy—there is also fear.

We are so near and yet so far; we are so alike and yet so different; we mistake each other's qualities for faults, and each other's faults for qualities. The American thinks the Englishman slow and behind the times, the Englishman thinks the American superficial and hustling. Of course, neither estimates are correct.

What we really need is a broad comprehension of why we should be friends, rather than a continual and self-conscious comparison of our mutual characteristics. For whether we recognize it or no, our psychic atmosphere is the same; we aspire to the same ideals, we evolve the same laws, speaking broadly, and the same individual reaction to such laws come about. And all this is far beyond our control. There are and there will be many differences developed in response to differing circumstances, but underneath them, behind them, above them, if you will, the rhythm of our onward movement will be harmonious because it will be the same.

Need we go on our way together, because it will have to be together, bickering and grumbling and misunderstanding? Can nothing be done to explain each to each, and to keep in being the romance of a friendship which is not founded merely on utilitarian and commercial considerations? The two nations should not only be brothers in arms as they have been lately, but brothers in heart; partners in a friendship which can afford little temporary irritations and arguments; a friendship which is inevitable and not to be escaped.

From the British side an earnest of complete trust and confidence has been given in the reduction of the navy and the surrender of a world supremacy on the sea. The British Empire as a whole refuses to look upon its cousin, the United States, as a potential enemy in any circumstances whatever. The United States as a whole gave earnest of the same trust, in the abandonment of an ambitious naval scheme, already on its way to fulfillment. So far so good. It will conduce to the peace of the world, if this mutual trust is upheld. And we long for peace.

But there is more involved, much more than our several advantages and developments. In real humility let us admit to each other that, with all our faults and failings, we seem to have a more practical belief in liberty and justice than most other peoples, and this is not putting the claim very high. We seem to have been able to combine our passion for individual development and freedom, with a form of self-government, very imperfect as yet, but workable because of the law-abiding, sensible character of our race. Over and over again has this been demonstrated in our common history.

There is one major uncertainty ahead of us. We do not know how far the mixture of races is going to affect and alter those characteristics. This mixture is greater in the United States than in any of the Dominions of the British Empire, though they also are melting pots for many of the world's tribes.

If we believe that the characteristics of our mutual stock are necessary to the whole world's development; if we believe, again with a real humility, that on the whole our ideas of justice and tolerance and liberty are the best yet developed by humanity, then it is vital that we should go forward hand in hand, that we should resolve to stand together, and preserve and expand our heritage of ideas and ideals; that heritage which is due to our forefather's constant and valiant struggle for the greatest individual freedom, compatible with the wellbeing of the majority within an ordered state.

This great endeavor, which can be stated in such simple words, sums up the history of the past and the hope of the future struggles of our race. How can these traditions be best preserved and continually reinforced with vitality, so that they may be adaptable to changing circumstances, and march with the race, instead of lagging behind it?

It is the children whom we must consider, that new Barbarian tribe, as someone has called them, which is going to take our places and occupy our seats; that swarming mass of invincible individuals, each one a pre-ordained conqueror over us and our generation, even though each one will himself be conquered in his turn. Everyone admits the stupendous fact that the impressions received in childhood are the strongest and most ineffaceable of all that life imposes upon us. Once give a child the notion that if he stamps and screams he will get what he wants, and in some form or another he will stamp and scream for what he wants all his life. Once give a child the belief that if he loses his life he will gain it, and much will have been done towards the making of a man. This is true of traits of character, and it is also true of the emotions and prejudices in which that character will be expressed. Does anything ever quite efface the love of the soil from which we have sprung? The Greek expressed it in words which have a haunting passion of surrender: "Give me to drink of that sweet cup, wrought of the earth from which I was made, and under

which I shall lie when I am dead." Will anything ever change the prejudices against certain people and places engendered by influences round our childhood? We are plastic material, our beings stamped and marked, if not shaped, by the first few years of our existence.

If we want to create and foster friendship between the two nations, let us say again, it is the children we must think of, and whom we must attack.

Is this being done? Speaking for England, my own country, I know that it is not. Great steps have been made in the last twenty years towards teaching a pride in the Dominions of the British Empire, but this very fact has militated, for obvious reasons besides those of time, against a similar teaching with regard to the American cousins.

The American Revolution is perfunctorily treated in the primary school text books; of course, the loss of the colonies is mentioned, sometimes the causes are briefly summarized and regret for King George the Third's pig-headedness is even expressed. This neglect has not had wholly bad results, for if there is ignorance and indifference there is at least no resentment or partisanship. But positive teaching of the inner significance of the event, teaching of pride in this manifestation of the peculiar Anglo-Saxon independence and passionate individualism—of this nothing. It is questionable whether a pupil from a village school will remember anything about Washington, except that he never told a lie, a fact which does not endear him to the ordinary child. Yet Washington was an English country gentleman who, when he built a house for his daughter, tried to make it as like an English manor house as he could. To be sure, it is not so very long ago that I had some village children to tea, and found that though they had heard of Cromwell, a picture of whose son Henry was hanging in my room, they were hazy as to the name of the reigning King of England. The fact had been taken for granted, much as the American Revolution has been taken for granted. But those children would eventually learn more about the King than his name,

whereas it is doubtful if a rural school child will ever be taught the history of the American nation, or a proper pride in that achievement of his own forefathers, which has had such stupendous results.

What is the angle from which American history should be taught to British children? The old controversies about tea duties and taxation are mere dusty excrescences on the essential fact, that the passion for freedom and individual development which led to the break is the heritage and the outstanding characteristic of both peoples. If the controversy had disclosed a fundamental difference in ideal, a different sense of honor, disparate moral standards, then, indeed, the two nations might become as foreigners to one another. But it was not so. All that is best in our common race, all the sturdy courage, persistence, love of freedom, fearlessness, found expression in the American Revolutionaries, just as it did in the Loyalists and the people at home. The children in British schools should be taught the history of the American nation as part of their own, just as American children should be allowed to claim their history behind 1775, and to realize that the qualities which made and moulded the United States were those of the very people they have been too long trained to look on as enemies.

Of course the difficulty for the United States is more apparent because of the children belonging to other races which have poured into the country. The appeal to the spirit of their forefathers means something different to these children. But if their parents have adopted America as their country and have become American citizens they should be taught the history of that country which they have made their own, and to which they have sworn allegiance. I heard Agnes Repplier begin a speech once in these terms:

"When I am taking stock of my blessings (which I do not do as often as I should), I breathe a little prayer of gratitude to the roving Englishmen who, whether as gentlemen adventurers, religious enthusiasts, or pioneer farmers, sought the distant shores

of North America and laid the foundations of our commonwealth, in consequence of which adventurous spirit I, the child of other immigrants, without one drop of English, Scotch, Welsh or Irish blood in my veins, have come into the matchless inheritance of the English tongue and of English letters, which have made the happiness of my life."

Not everyone can feel like this perhaps, but his descendants can. It should be possible to build up a pride in the history of the country, as well as a pride in the history of the race to which the child belongs. The history of the American nation as we know it now begins with the ancient Britons and their skin coracles. Columbus discovered America, said a public speaker, but he did not settle it; the Dutch, the French, settled certain portions, but English is forever the language of a new continent.

The teaching of this history would be important even if the interests of the two countries were antagonistic. But since they are inextricably bound up together, and since, in addition, the peace and safety of the world and its future development seem to have been placed in the guardianship of our common race, this question of the inculcation of mutual pride and affection becomes vital.

Not very long ago I stood upon the terrace at Mount Vernon, looking out upon the lawns and the river, my mind flooded by the wonderful sense of peace and beauty, which hovers over that place. The love and reverence of thousands have helped to charge the atmosphere there with something rare and ineffable: something perhaps the stronger and greater because it is not imprisoned in a building, or defined in a special work of art. As I was thinking confusedly of something like this, a man's voice suddenly said, "The paving stones on which you stand came from England."

Even now I can hardly understand or explain the emotion which gripped me; I could not answer or speak. "Yes," went on the voice, "it was cheaper to bring the stones out in ships returning empty than to cut them here."

"From England!" I said to myself, "from England!" If

I had been alone I think I should have stooped to kiss them: "Give me to drink of that sweet cup, wrought of the earth from which I was made, and under which I shall lie when I am dead."

Later I saw some of the old houses on the James River. I touched the rose-red bricks at Westover, the old painted panelling of Shirley, and the same thrill went through me. Here was the link, tangible, visible, which could be touched and seen. There is not a country child in England who would not recognize these houses if he were shown pictures of them. He would not know that they stand across the Atlantic, and not in the next county, unless he were told.

People visit birthplaces and shrines and relics because they hope for a moment to get the sense of intimacy and touch, the realization of a common humanity. Will not someone send to England the pictures and the stories of the old houses? We can then show them and tell them to the children, so that they and others who cannot travel may be startled into the discovery that they are linked with the past history of the United States, in an intimate and undeniable fashion.

So much for the teaching of the past. Hundreds of suggestions can and will be made, practical, sensible, sentimental, imaginative. What can be done in the same sort for the present? A suggestion may be made in one phrase: Encourage personal contact of all kinds and in all ways. Carry Cecil Rhodes' great idea into other walks of life than those of undergraduates. Create travelling scholarships, interchange experts, champions, sportsmen, fanatics of every description and of both sexes. Much has already been done, but there are many more avenues open. Stop nowhere in the effort to bring about the material, corporeal handshake. For the corporeal touch makes a channel for the spiritual, and that is its value.

Human beings are not quick at understanding one another, unless they come into personal contact. Every kind of legend grows: such and such people are cold and

cruel, others rapacious and dishonest, and so on. Yet personal acquaintance often changes the entire attitude of these cavillers towards one another.

I once saw a man arrive at a solicitor's office to meet someone with whom he had been quarrelling for many months. He was in a state of black rage and hatred; he would not shake hands, he would hardly raise his eyes. At the end of an hour the two men were clasping hands at parting. They had not made up their differences, neither had given way, but each recognized that the other had a genuine belief in the justice of his case. Personal contact had produced psychic contact, and eventually they settled their case out of court.

The vast number of people in both nations is what daunts effort in this direction. It is all very well to talk of personal contact, one can hear everybody say, but how can millions of people be brought into touch with each other? Of course, they cannot be. But personal influence is a curiously contagious thing. It would be impossible for anyone to become a popular hero, let us say, if he never had personal contact of some sort with anyone. He must be seen or heard or he will not be felt. The world-wide popularity, for instance, of Mary Pickford, or of Charlie Chaplin, is due to the fact that they are actually seen in movement by millions of people. I believe the cinema, in Britain anyway, has already done something for Anglo-American friendship by familiarizing many people with the manners and gestures of dwellers in western towns. But, of course, to speak with anyone is also to feel the actual physical influence of personality, and is a much stronger experience than seeing a moving picture. It is precisely this kind of influence which is transmitted from one human being to another and another, widening in radius like the ripples in a pond.

Each traveller to Great Britain or to the United States may be the centre of new and far-spreading influence; each individual who tries to get into personal relations with visitors to his country is a more effective propagandist than

the man who writes or who distributes any number of pamphlets and articles. A cynic might feel that personal contact would produce the opposite result. So it might, and so it does in individual cases, but if it were to prove true of large numbers, then the sooner such a fact is faced and realized, the better. But, of course, generally speaking, the result of such intercourse is a mutual understanding and liking.

It is in this connection again that the children of the two nations are so important. Not that personal intercourse between them is particularly beneficial or necessary. It is also extremely difficult to organize. But because of the great suggestibility of children, it would make an incalculable difference if the people about them, who rear them, and, above all, who teach them, had some mutual understanding. Traveling scholarships for teachers would be of great value. A teacher who had been, if only for six weeks, in the United States, or in Great Britain, and had met with the hospitality and kindness both nations know how to give, would inevitably affect the imagination and the thought of children under his or her care.

The history of both nations can be taught as forming part of one heritage. If Great Britain's past is America's, then America's is also Great Britain's. Let us take these two strands and weave them together into a present friendship, and so make a great fabric for the future.

SEEKERS

By MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

The little path climbs to look for the sky,
And the brook goes down in quest of the sea,
And men have sought for Infinity
Apart from the common ways that lie
Where humble toil has birth,
And gold is won in the sweat of brow.
But a wise tree stands with its feet in the earth,
And gathers the stars in a topmost bough.

SUCH STUFF AS PLAYS ARE MADE OF

By ROLAND HOLT

The Close of a Season

THIS playgoer will endeavor to here try to tell his adventures from where he left off in *The Drama of Sex, Disaster and Hope* in the May FORUM, and to forecast a few main signs of the coming season. He will again confine himself strictly to plays in which may be found "Follies" enough without straying after the Ziegfeld and musical comedy varieties. But he will lift his hat for a moment to the genuine drama of *The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten* and *The Clown*, to the real music and exquisite colors and lights of the *Chauvre Souris*. (Second Section—Pullmans Only.)

The last plays of the season of 1921-2 were among its best. THE THEATRE GUILD sagged slightly on Arnold Bennett's *What the Public Wants*, a satire on newspapers that had some of the pale weariness of the author's *The Title*, which died very young earlier in the season. But The Guild came into its own again with George Kaiser's *From Midnight to Morn*, a highly moral, but none the less interesting, illustration of how a cashier found in a few short hours that stolen money could bring him no joys, and that truly "the wages of sin are death." Dr. Faust in a Drama League lecture had told us how in Germany this play opens and closes in a graveyard. These scenes were omitted in New York, but here the ingenious use of the skeleton gave a weird macabre touch, as did the ugly but effective "expressionist" mountings. We'd call it "producing on a shoe string." Throughout the stage was draped in black-green curtains, and changes of scene indicated by a few "properties," such as the grill of a bank or door frames, and extremely clever lighting. In two cases a back

scene that still showed the green curtains all around it was used, one of them a snow scene, as ugly and unnatural as the oasis, without a green thing in it, of *Methusaleh*. Such mountings are perhaps excusable in Germany, where the mark cannot buy much, and they do lend a certain weirdness to a fantastic play, but they are the Dadaism of stage art, and make us cry "back to nature" and earnestly beg Lee Simonson for more of the lovely skies he gave us in *Heart-break House*, *Liliom* and other plays.

THE PROVINCETOWN PLAYERS sent Eugene O'Neill's half-fine *The Hairy Ape* uptown, where it died in a few weeks, though we now learn it will be revived for the road. They followed it in their home theatre with Susan Glaspell's *Chains of Dew*, one of the most brilliant and human comedies of perhaps our most brilliant woman dramatist, about a loving and very patient small-town wife who kept her husband writing poetry by fooling him into believing that he had to struggle against her and circumstances to do it. To be sure, the wit was better than the construction, and the group of birth-control enthusiasts (treated absolutely inoffensively), who tried to take the husband from his home town, was perhaps a bit burlesqued. After the two weeks due to subscribers, this charming play died, and some weeks later The Provincetowners announced that their theatre, to which American dramatists owe so great a debt, would not open at all for 1922-3.

The same tragic announcement has been made by another of New York's finest and most significant theatres, THE NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE in Grand Street. During the season they gave a picturesque pageant, *Salut au Monde*, on Whitman's poem, with fine music by Griffes, three short plays with an exhibition of the color organ, and a revival of the ballet *The Royal Fandango*, but it is interesting to note how the sex-aphone was overworked in all of their five full-length plays.

Granville Barker's *The Madras House* was a frank satire on sex, involving serious seduction and mirthful polygamy.

In Vildrac's *The Steamship Tenacity*, "the substance of the three dull acts was the seduction of a waitress," said *The World*.

O'Neill's *The First Man* had an entire act accompanied by the cries of a woman in childbirth.

Hippius' *The Green Ring* was composed of young folk who rescue the girl Sonia. Her father and mother have left each other, and both are living in adultery.

In Frederick Lansing Day's *Makers of Light*, a woman teacher of thirty-two and her pupil of seventeen sin, and he kills himself in learning that she is to have a child.

Most of these plays were of unusual artistic merit, but all five of them being of this sexual character was "a bit thick." We repeat, though, that we honor this little theatre in Grand Street, and devoutly hope it will, as it expects to, open again after next season's vacation. Its earlier seasons show that its repertory is not usually so over-sexed, and has been made up of notably fine dramas.

Few plays of the season were finer than the revival of Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*, rechristened *Fanny Hawthorne*, a sex play written, like Ibsen's best, as if by a great doctor and a great gentleman, without an offensive word in it, and with most of the characters making for righteousness as far as their circumstances might permit. Our own Eugene O'Neill paid fine and generous tribute to it. If one mercilessly contrasts it with his own sex-play *Anna Christie*, one might see a grim irony in his having received the Pulitzer prize for an American play that should "best represent the educational value and power of the stage in raising the standard of good morals, good taste and good manners." Mrs. May Lamberton Becker, in a lecture, truly said that O'Neill's plays are not representative of American life, and it seems a pity that *Anna Christie*, interesting play though it is, should have been chosen by a committee appointed by the Drama League of America as the best American play to be given in France. Do its sex-sodden characters best represent our country? Nevertheless, O'Neill is our foremost dramatist and his *Emperor Jones*, *Beyond the Horizon*, *The Straw* and some of his short sea plays are an honor to America.

The Valley of the Follies

Fanny Hawthorne may be considered as being practically the end of the season of 1921-2, though some light comedies with good moments came later. Two are worth a passing word. *The Goldfish* was freely adapted from the French, changing the three paramours into husbands, and localized in New York. An impoverished Polish nobleman had been the Pygmalion who had made a great lady out of a Macy shop girl—but she was not happy, and he said to her, "You cannot have both success and happiness. You must leave something for the failures." Marjorie Rambeau made a well-deserved triumph as this modern Galatea.

In *Kempy* a fool girl Katharine thought she was a genius. Duke, her true love, told her the bitter truth, so she went and married the plumber—then things happened. *Kempy* is very funny in spots, and the Nugents showed themselves both as authors and actors with a probable future.

Then came what seems to be conceded to have been our worst *Follies* in which the pills of vulgarity could be swallowed in a jelly of sometimes lovely mountings.

No new plays were produced between May 23rd and August 7th, with one possible exception. The seeker for adult drama could see a hand-made sign of THE THRESHOLD PLAYERS before Hammerstein's Lexington Avenue Opera House. There, in what was once the lemonade room, back of the balcony, were given four noteworthy plays by the pupils of Mrs. Clare Tree Major. Their acting was something comparable with that of The Provincetowners in their early days. We got the poet Going's mystic piece about a death, *The Twilight of the Moon*; Robert Garland's satire of a truck driver and an esthetic maiden, *The Importance of Being a Roughneck* (from the famous Baltimore *Vags*); *When the Whirlwind Blows*, a thriller of three women on a Bolshevik evening by Essex Dane, sister to the author of *A Bill of Divorcement*, and *Possession*, which might have been a satire on Conan Doyle's idea of the next life, with some wonderful vanishing

acts. All this was for 55 cents a seat. Of course, the scenery was decidedly impressionistic.

When things were deadest, we still had a dozen plays, the *Chauvre Souris* and seven musical shows. One could have had a mad midsummer dream of *He Who Gets Slapped From Morn Till Midnight on The Dover Road*, *Captain Applejack* with his *Six Cylinder Love* and lank *Kempy*, bearing *The Goldfish* in a bowl.

We did not get the best plays, for we have no repertory theatre, but in music we have repertory and we did get the best. Nightly on the heights north of the city, under the stars, enough people to fill twenty theatres refreshed their tired souls with great music by a great band and a great orchestra.

Promises or Threats for 1922-3

"The opening gun of the theatrical season was fired both literally and figuratively," said *The Times* in *Whispering Wires*, August 7th. It was by Kate L. McLaurin, and is luckier than her *The Six-Fifty*, which promptly failed last season. The first act was fairly gripping. We see a millionaire killed, when alone in a room that no one can enter. The later acts were dull by comparison, and the whole thing turned on an incredible mechanical contrivance. Hubert Osborn once wrote a striking one-act play, *The Evil That Men Do*, which occurs in Shakespeare's house the day after his death. His inferior *Shore Leave* was given an almost perfect performance on August 8th under the wizard Belasco, with a long cast, and a scene of a deck at night with shimmering waters that will not soon be forgotten. The only thing we missed was a pedometer for the hard-working Frances Starr in Act. I. She made most sympathetic the neglected seamstress who captured a wild sailor named Smith. The scene where, in her attempt to find her lost beloved, she gave a party on her freighter to every sailor named Smith who would come, has a flavor of Gilbert's immortal *Captain Reece of The Mantelpiece*.

By September 7th, just a month after the season opened, we had seventeen new plays of a moral level distinctly above last season's, for we recall but two mistresses and one prostitute in the lot. But three met swift failure. They were *I Will If You Will*, a nightgown piece; *The Woman Who Laughed*, by Edward Locke, and *Lights Out*, a satire on the "movies." In Mr. Locke's piece a wife took a hint from Zeus, and trussed up her husband and his mistress with a clothes line. The Shuberts did Louis Evan Shipman's (not Samuel Shipman of *East Is West*) *Fools Errant* a gross injustice when they advertised it as "a red-blooded sex play." Later they instead used Rathbun of *The Sun's* "the first high-grade play of the season," which truly describes it. The mistress, nobly embodied by Alexandra Carlisle, is heartily and honestly ashamed of her short lapse, and her redemption is finely and inspiring shown. The relation of the two women is unusual, and comes to a dramatic climax. At its best this drama has a touch of Ibsen, and as Americans we can rejoice that this work of Shipman of *Life* is much finer than any of the slender comedies of Milne of *Punch*. Ernest Peixoto contributed three charming and restful interiors. All who care for fine drama and are sick of condonings of lust should see this bracing play.

To clear up the underbrush before coming to the two outstanding new comedies, there were *Hunky-Dory*, a confused but funny Scotch piece, like *Kempy*, centering about a plumber; *The Endless Chain* (of bills), by James Forbes, about one-quarter as good as his *Show Shop, So This Is London!* a rough "contrast of English and American bad manners"; Broadhurst's *Wild Oats Lane*, hokum, involving a prostitute; *The Monster*, which is exciting, but on which bets are even as to whether it's a horror or a joke; *The Serpent's Tooth*, by Richman, which laid in *Ambush* for Marie Tempest; *East Side—West Side* (née Manhattan), which, amusing though it is, turned Hilda Spong's hair white; *The Plot Thickens* (Rathbun says "Weakens"),

far from the Italian; *Her Temporary Husband*, which is as cheerful as Eugene O'Neill's play about a sanitarium, was gloomy.

The Torch Bearers is a satire on amateur actors by George Kelly, who has written a number of vaudeville sketches, and its action and humor are frequently slapstick. Husband, on seeing Wife rehearse, falls down stairs in a faint. At the performance, he's carried out. He gets a big laugh, when he tells her that he suffered terrible anxiety at the hall for fear someone would shoot her. Much of the humor of Act II consists of actors tripping on cleats on the stage and one of them repeatedly losing his mustache. The fool woman who thinks she's a genius is not as effectively characterized as she is in *Kempy*. The Poseuse, with some Little Theatre jargon, who runs the players, is fairly effective. There is constant action and some genuine wit. A wholesome, robustuous burlesque that its audiences are keenly enjoying.

After Act I of *Old Soak* we were ready to go home, but we stayed through with steadily increasing enjoyment. It has vastly more heart and dramatic backbone than its colyumnal sister *Dulcy*, and, of course, can match her on wit. The scenes in which the Old Soak finds his son a thief and in which he overcomes the Whited Sepulchre, after honestly admitting that they both are failures, are good, honest drama, even though at other moments there is the merest whiff of Maria Edgeworth in Don Marquis' cocktail. It's neither a glorification of nor an apology for drunkenness, and we are made to sympathize with the Old Soak's long-suffering wife. But, O! boy! how it does knock the sawdust out of Hypocrisy and Intolerance, and what an Omareque beauty some of those bacchanals have! The death of the parrot at least recalled to this auditor even that other great offstage death, Falstaff's. Beresford's *Old Soak* is a worthy peer of Bacon's *Lighting Bill Jones* and yea, even of Jefferson's *Rip Van Winkle*—the three loved disgraces of American drama.

If readers of THE FORUM outside of this city of light want to know what to see when they come here, we would choose the following:

Loyalties (to be produced after this goes to press);

He Who Gets Slapped, romantic circus drama;

Fools Errant, a modern redemption;

The Old Soak, a mirthful tolerance;

Captain Applejack, a pirate dream;

The Cat and the Canary, far and away the best of mystery plays;

The Torch Bearers, a rough burlesque of amateur actors.

Over 130 new plays (exclusive of comic operas, etc.) were given last season. Over 70 of those for the coming season have been announced. We shall not attempt to even mention all of them, but note some of the more significant. A number of these pieces are being produced as we go to press, as we are trying to indicate at the last moment. We commence at the little end of the horn with some from the Italian and Hungarian. Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, after lively competition by several of our managers, has been won by Brock Pemberton; Giacosa's *As the Leaves* is a potential New Year's gift. *The Swan*, by Molnar of *Lilliom* fame, is expected. Before the war, the German Theatre was possibly the greatest in the world. It is again very active, though too much given to grotesque staging and a tendency to mascabre drama. Six significant Teutonic pieces are already promised, though it is doubtful if any of the others will measure up to Hauptman's *Rose Bernd* (first time here in English September 25th), or to Suderman's *Magda*, both of which Ethel Barrymore will probably produce. The other four are by authors new to America. Two, one of them the most talked of, will be mentioned later under The Theatre Guild; others are *Der Wunderbare Geschichte der Capelmeister Kreislers*, to be called here *The Wonderful Tales of Hoffman*. It contains forty-two scenes, and has a movie technic. So we can average up on the countless plays with

but a single set. *The King's Dancer*, in which Geraldine Farrar is to fascinate Frederick the Great, is a Belasco possibility. And after these the deluge from France, including three by Bataille, whose *Don Juan* died untimely here last fall. A description of his *La Tendresse* informs us "that a man should have a mistress is treated as a matter of course by his friends." *L'Enfant D'Amour* may appropriately follow, and, of course, *The Wedding March* is "more honored in the breach than in the observance." Donnay will give us *Amants*, Kiki-ites may rejoice in its author's *My Man*, while De Fleur and Croisette's *The Return* (we believe already given here in French) will be made easier to comprehend. Portô-Riche's *Le Passe* and *Aimer*, by Gerald, author of the deeply-felt *The Nest*, will visit us. Belasco will give us two Guitry plays, one *Jacqueline*, a serious drama. George Middleton, who writes like a thoroughbred, will do his best to make Guitry's *Une Petite Main Qui Se Place* as harmless as the author's *Deburau*, and Maestro Belasco may be counted upon to make it seem better than it is. We may count on our French cousins to work the "*point rose sur l'i d'aimer*" for all it's worth. Two Ibsen revivals are noted later.

It will be glad news to the proud souls who scorn to take their operas in English that they may enjoy Russian plays in Russian, also to the elect who have read of the noted director Stanislavsky in the pages of *The Drama*, *The Theatre*, *The Theatre Arts Magazine*, etc., that he is bringing his famous MOSCOW ART THEATRE here with its scenery and costumes. But one of the five plays he announces, Gorky's *The Night Lodging*, is familiar here. It is cause for rejoicing that *Czar Feodor* is by Alexis Tolstoi, and not by his uncle, of whose neurotic "heroes" we have had too much. We shall not soon forget Uncle Lyov's *Powers of Darkness*, with its long drawn out infanticide and its "hero" winning redemption by publicly betraying two of his mistresses to their husbands. We have much pleasanter recollections of the poetic *Sea Gull*, by Tchekov, as given by the

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS, and are glad of the chance to see three plays by him, *The Cherry Orchard*, *Three Sisters* and *Uncle Vanya*. For the MOSCOW ART THEATRE we have to thank Mr. Gest, who brought over *The Chauve Souris*.

And now it's a relief to get back to plays in English, though it is sad to find SHAKESPEARE receiving but scanty honor through but six of his most hard-worked plays. It looks as though we might have three Hamlets in the field, Hampden and possibly Leiber, besides for novelty John Barrymore. Hampden will probably also do *Othello* and *Macbeth* and Ethel Barrymore a play to be announced. Belasco is liable to recall the glories that were Irving in a *Merchant of Venice* with Warfield and a possible *Richard III*. Why cannot he give us plays less worn? To a modern juryman that trial scene is as ridiculous as Barrie's in his *Legend of Leonora* is intended to be, and why not let us see the much more human and moving *Richard II*, instead of his fi-fy-fo-fum successor? I have had the good fortune to see twenty-three different plays of Shakespeare's on the New York stage, and I believe handsome pageant revivals of more of the chronicle plays could be successfully given for limited runs. And of his other plays, *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *Measure for Measure* would be welcome, and if we had a repertory theatre *Coriolanus* would not have been left for school boys to do in the Bronx and *Trollins and Cressida* for the Yale boys. The Theatre Guild may do *Romeo and Juliet*, and the present scribe devoutly prays for Leiber, to his taste our most virile, eloquent and human Shakespearian actor, to come as usual to make the holidays seem real. For a time it was rumored that he might act *Will Shakespeare* himself in Clemence Dane's strange play of that name, in which Will kills Marlowe. Miss Dane is gratefully remembered for her fine *A Bill of Divorcement*.

Turning to contemporary British authors, Maughn, who in his *Circle* and two earlier plays has pictured English

society as rotten to the core, will have another chance at it in *East of Suez*, "where there ain't no ten commandments." Mr. Woods, producer of *The Demi-Virgin*, certainly is the right manager for his plays, and will have given his new one by the time this article appears. Mr. Milne, the thoroughbred editor of *Punch*, will favôr us with more of his mild plays, including, through Mr. Ames, *The Romantic Age* (considered by many his best, and recently done here by the Amateur Comedy Club) and another opus through The Guild. Dunsany's *If*, a full length play of London and less civilized places, may have an "if" as to its early production. The too-long-absent Pinerô comes back with his *Enchanted Cottage*, and Bessier (author of *Don*) and Miss Edginton with *The Secret* (once *The Prude's Fall*) after a London success. Galsworthy, possibly England's greatest living dramatist, was represented by *Loyalties* too late for notice here. It cōcerned a theft at an English house party and included a very interesting Jew as a principal character. We regret there was no announcement that it would be accompanied here as in London, by Barrie's tantalizing mystery *Let Us Join the Ladies*. Bairnsfather's *Old Bill, M.P.*, will rejoice the hearts of the Better-Olers.

The rapidly rising school of American authors will have so full a representation that all cannot even be noted. Maguire, whose *Six Cylinder Love* was highly characteristic of American life, has followed it with *It's a Boy*. Of similar flavor are likely to be Frank Craven's (author of *The First Year*) *Spite Corner* and his *Early to Bed*. Edward Locke, who gave us the fine play about musicians, *The Climax*, has disappointed us already with his wild *The Woman Who Laughed*. Here's hoping his *Mike Angelo* will be better! That title reminds one that Otis Skinner will revive *Mister Antonio* by Booth Tarkington, whose new offerings will be *Bristol Glass* (a satire on social distinctions) and *Cunnel Blake*. The announcement of complicated scenic requirements gives hope that Owen Davis' *Dreams For Sale* (September 13th) is not as drab

as his deeply-felt *The Detour*. For presumably stronger stuff we'll have Zöe Akins' *Greatness*; *Decameron Nights*, by McLaughlin, whose *Eternal Magdalen* was far from prudish; *That Day*, by Auspacher, who fathered *The Unchastened Woman*, and Veiller's *The Divine Crook*, no relation of *The Black Crook*, but liable to keep *Within the Law*. Even if not strong, Miss Kummer's *Pomeroy's Past* should have sparkle and not be too sec, lifting us to Austin Strong's *Seventh Heaven* after his *Three Wise Fools*. Iden Payne, a producer of noteworthy taste, has just put on his own *Dolly Jordon* about the famous actress. It was too much to expect another *Ambush* from Arthur Richman so soon, and his *The Serpent's Tooth* is a thankless brain-child. May *The Awful Truth* do more for his reputation. Edward Peple of *The Prince Chap* promises us *The Little Visitor*, while Roland West is to follow up his spooky *Unseen Purple* with *The Black Adventure*. *The Square Peg*, by Lewis Beach, author of the famous one-acter *The Glod*, and Harry Leon Wilson's *Merton of the Movies* are also coming.

Most of us find Ethel Barrymore decidedly reviving, and with the assistance of Robert Edmond Jones' scenery and Arthur Hopkins' tasteful direction, she is to bring back Hauptmann and Shakespeare as already noted, also probably Ibsen's *Hedda*, and perhaps a new O'Neill play. One of the big features of the season may be O'Neill's *The Fountain*. His wonderful wanderlust in *Beyond the Horizon* and the tropic adventure of *Emperor Jones* should fit him for this Ponce de León expedition. As for the old-time language, there doubtless are many who would be proud to help him there—if he needs help.

One of the most promising announcements is that of five plays to be given by THE EQUITY PLAYERS, an outgrowth of the Actors' Equity Association, which has secured inestimable betterments of the Thespians' lot. This new organization includes the majority of our best actors, is well endowed and has the experienced Augustin Duncan, also

well known as an actor, for their producer. They open October 2nd with Jane Cowl in *Malvaloca* by the Quinteros Brothers, whose one-act *A Sunny Morning* has been given at our Neighborhood Theatre in Grand Street and by Little Theatres throughout the country. The only two other plays yet announced as possibilities by the Equity are by Americans, *Hospitality*, a tragedy by Leon Cunningham, and *Roger Bloomer*, by John Howard Lawson. The Equity made a brave endeavor to find a new play by an American for their premiere, but has to open with one by Spaniards, as The Theatre Guild started life with one (which failed) also by a Spaniard.

And now "breathe low ye soft trombones" for we are on the steps of America's, perhaps the world's finest, dramatic temple in these days. THE THEATRE GUILD brings back great father Ibsen to their shrine, with his Norwegian Faust, *Peer Gynt*, perhaps the world's finest poetic drama of salvation through a woman's love. We may hope for Grieg's music and may count on the poetic skies of the unsurpassed Lee Simonson, who has been studying abroad. While their subscription requires but six plays, The Guild announces eight as possible. Claudel's brief *The Tidings Brought to Mary* could be given with another play. The others are *The Devil's Disciple* by Shaw, Barker's *The Voysey Inheritance*, Milne's *The Lucky One*, R. U. R., a Czechoslovak drama about a human automaton (we shall not soon forget those wonderful automata in *Methusalem V*) *The Guardsman* a romance by the author of *Liliom* and Toller's erman sensation *Masse Meuschen*, a nightmare about "the mutterings of the poor and the rat-atat of machine-guns" (Woollcott), set in expressionistic scenery that, judging from pictures of the German production, would make R. E. Jones' *Macbeth* mistakes seem rational by comparison. We are inclined to think "it never would be missed." We do not shoot down the masses here, they wreck us on trains instead.

These announcements have been chosen mainly on the

past achievements of their authors. Some of the poorest plays to come will be by men of past reputation and some of the best by newcomers. By new playwrights we already have *Old Soak* and *The Torch Bearers*. On the whole, the new season promises to be better than the last, though, judging by their titles, Overlord Augustus Thomas, who proffers his *Song of The Dragon*, based on a short story by John Taintor Foote, might use "moral suasion" on *The Child of Love* and *The Harlot's House*. Mr. Towse complained, it seems to me a bit harshly, of Pinero that "he has never dealt with an inspiring subject or created a great or noble personality" and added "the true value of a play depends upon the intrinsic worth of its material." These true words should be pondered by other dramatists too prone to study the minutiae of the mud. When they are lived up to, a golden era may arrive, and our best citizens, who now endow opera houses for Wagner and Puccini and concert halls for Beethoven and Tschaikowsky, will be endowing theatres for Shakespeare and Ibsen.

MONOTONE

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Paris: October: Twilight!
The rain is blowing through the mist,
And dusk is blowing through the rain;
A blurred sky like a cruel fist
Tortures the mirror of the Seine;
Intricate clouds unfold and twist
And melt like smoke and merge again;
And shadows like enormous seas
That tumult in a dream of pain
Billow along the Tuilleries;
And the wind shrills like one insane.
The rain is blowing through the trees,
And dusk is blowing through the rain.

ONE CHILD'S READING TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

By CAROLINE E. VOSE

IN these present days when parents, teachers and librarians are seeking through properly selected literature to disseminate information and to develop imagination, mentality and character in young children, I am somewhat appalled as I recall the reading—undirected by any older person, but influenced solely by my own inclinations and the limited book supply in our country village—of my own childhood in the dim distant past of a quarter of a century ago.

To begin with—I am anticipating exclamations of scorn—I liked the Elsie books. Yes, 'tis true. I read and even re-read them. Elsie seemed to me a child well worth imitating, only I realized I could never hope to attain her degree of virtue. How noble I thought the little girl when, despite her father's insistence, she refused to play a "secular" piece of music on Sunday! The modern story book little girl would probably continue, despite her father's agonized protests, to play jazz. I have not seen an Elsie book for twenty-five years. Painful confession—I should not dare to look into one now, fearing I might still enjoy it. And then where would my college teaching position be!

"Queechy"—I remember I thought the name particularly alluring—and "The Wide, Wide World" were also favorites of mine. The latter I read out loud to a long-suffering aunt, when I had to spell out most of the words for her to pronounce. I did not know till yesterday who wrote these books. Authors—with one exception—interested me not at all in my youth. That exception was Louisa M. Alcott. She, I felt, was a real person, an understanding,

sympathetic friend. Only why—I ask it yet—*why* wouldn't she let Jo marry Laurie? My copies of Miss Alcott's books were battered and torn from constant service. Not being a New York City child, I never mistook "Rose in Bloom" (Rosenblum) for a story of a Jewish family.

My "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which as a model little New Englander I believed to be an accurate portrayal of conditions in the wicked South, had a slate-colored cover with small red stars on it. Both the cover and the story itself were very dear to me. I am glad I have never seen the play "Uncle Tom's Cabin," nor the film version, as I prefer my own private mental picture.

I was normal in my interest in the "Five Little Pepper" series, "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and the "Little Prudy" books. (By the way, what is Sophie May's true name? To me she is just Sophie May.) The characters in "Black Beauty" were, as they still remain, quite real to me. How I vainly begged my Uncle John to name his two clumsy work horses *Merrylegs* and *Ginger*, and how disappointed I was at his prosaically calling them *Ben* and *Bob*! Last year in New York I saw "Black Beauty" on the screen, and while it was beautifully done, it fell far short of my youthful imaginings.

I have asked several people if they have ever read "The Nuremberg Stove," but I can find no one who has even heard of it. Too bad, for it is a good story. Children today, I am glad to note, still read, and I hope enjoy as I enjoyed Beatrice Harraden's "Things Will Take a Turn," Laura E. Richards' "Captain January," "Melody," and Mrs. Riggs' "Bird's Christmas Carol." Do they read "The Lamplighter" by—whom is it by, Maria Susanna Cummins? That, to my delight, my aunt let me read out loud to her, too.

Another confession—all the more surprising perhaps coming from an English teacher—before I was fifteen I had read not a word of Scott, of Dickens, of Thackeray, of Stevenson, of Defoe, or of Cooper! Worse yet, I had never

read a fairy story. I am not sure I should have been interested in fairy stories. In fact I fear I should have been exceedingly bored by them. Please do not insist I have no imagination, because it flatters me to believe I have.

Now you will be shocked, I know, when I admit I read Mary J. Holmes' paper-covered novels, the only one of which I have the slightest recollection being "Tempest and Sunshine." A highly moral story, I assure you, for Tempest, the bad sister, is made most unattractive, while virtue in the shape of the other sister, Sunshine, is pictured as immensely desirable. The names of some of E. P. Roe's novels which I read, cling: "Barriers Burned Away," "From Jest to Earnest," "Near to Nature's Heart," and "The Opening of a Chestnut Burr." The only incident I remember in any of these is that of a much misunderstood young man whose mother had secretly forced him to promise not to go to the war, and who, in his delirious sickness caused by the dangerous performance of some miraculously heroic deed, keeps crying out, "O cruel and unnatural mother to bind her son by such an oath!" That unwelcome, stupid sentence has a disconcerting habit of popping into my head at inopportune moments when I fain would think of other things.

One of my most beloved books was a somewhat bulky green volume—exceedingly heavy and awkward for a tiny girl to handle—entitled "Corporal Si Clegg and His Pard," which related in great detail the martial adventures of a young country boy in the Civil War. I think I have never known to anyone else who has ever read this book, but it ranked high in my childish imagination. The illustrations, crude no doubt, were no small part of its charm. The most vividly remembered one depicted the hero marching off to war burdened with the useless gifts of well-meaning friends and relatives. How many men in the recent Great War could sympathize with poor Si! I wish the author—whoever he may be—could realize what keen pleasure long drawn out one reader derived from his apparently not

properly appreciated book, "Corporal Si Clegg and His Pard!"

The Bible figures on my "list," too. Again may I pay tribute to my previously mentioned aunt. She it was taught me to love the Bible. I cannot say that we always chose the passages best suited to children, or that I at least read the Bible with any degree of intelligence, but I read it with more enjoyment, I think, if not with more profit than I later experienced from a college study of it in the light of "higher criticism."

While I sympathize heartily with, and seek to promote in every way the important efforts in regard to the directing of children in their reading today, secretly I cannot regret—though I know I ought to—the haphazard, not altogether literary reading of my own unguided youth.

THE INDOLENT ANGEL

By JOSEPH FREEMAN

Behind the flaming drapery of the Throne
The Indolent Angel feels his body curl.
His wings are folded, and the winds have blown,
From skies of lapislazuli and pearl,
The colors of the dawn into his face.
Fresher than apple-blossoms in the spring,
He sees his beauty shining in blue space;
And how, while golden stars go thundering,
He idles like a summer afternoon
Over Italian lakes . . . And he recalls
How, long ago, beyond the primal moon,
He flashed like a biting sword, till in the halls
Of new-made Heaven where the angels trod
There loomed the shadow of a mighty god.

IS YOUR MIND LIKE AN ICEBERG?

By DONALD A. LAIRD

WHAT becomes of the multiplication table? Back in your school days you learned these tables. When you need them now it is possible for you to recall parts of them. But still most of the time you are not aware of their presence in your mind. Just where are they most of the time?

And what becomes of your consciousness when you are asleep or during a fainting spell? Yesterday you had some ideas; where are they now?

The mind is really much like an iceberg. Nine-tenths of an iceberg is below the surface of the ocean. Only one-tenth is visible. Much more than nine-tenths of the human mind is below the surface and is unknown to us until the occasion demands that it be put to use.

The memories, ideas, thoughts, past experiences and practically all your mental life is below the surface. Ordinarily you are not aware of even the multiplication table; but when it comes time to figure your income tax there are the tables in your mind all ready for use.

Where are they when you are not using them and are not aware of them? They are like most of the iceberg—below the surface.

On the surface of the mind are the thoughts, ideas and memories of which we are aware from moment to moment. Our consciousness is composed of those things of which we are aware. These things may be trees, people, buildings and other things which we can sense in the objective world. Or they may be thoughts, memories and things found only in our mental, subjective world.

The part of the iceberg which is below the surface is composed of the same materials as the part which is visible. It is just frozen water and dirt. The only difference is that there is more below the surface than there is above.

The same is true of the human mind. The part of the mentality below the surface is much like that of which we are aware. There are ideas, thoughts and memories just as those of which we are conscious. But there are many times more below than on the surface of the mind.

It is the unseen things that are dangerous. The part of the iceberg below the surface is the cause of apprehension and fear among seamen. The subsurface iceberg may protrude far away from the surface part and wreck a ship or be carried by deeper ocean currents in unanticipated directions. So it is with the subconscious part of the mind. This is the treacherous and the dangerous part of the human mind.

Take people with multiple personalities for example. Ordinarily we awaken each morning the same person we were the evening before. That is, although our consciousness may be interrupted from time to time by such occurrences as sleep and fainting, it is nevertheless continuous. We are the same person with the same memories and desires and consciousness from day to day. But once in a while there are people who do not always retain the same personality.

Sometimes, for example, a person receives a blow on the head and forgets all his past life. Previously to the accident he may have been just an ordinary person. But with the accident his entire personality is changed. Before he had been an ordinary, average citizen. After the change in his personality he may become very careless and indolent. Perhaps he may develop criminal tendencies. He is not "out of his head." He has simply undergone a change in personality.

It is not always necessary, however, to meet with some accident to the head for the personality to be changed

radically. There are persons, for instance, who, following a meal, may sit a few moments in a half doze and get up entirely changed in personality and remain so for several days or even weeks. The change occurs almost spontaneously and rather suddenly. Some time later the usual personality as suddenly returns.

Such was the case in the main character in Robert Louis Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. Of course, this is just a story, but psychological literature is full of numerous cases much similar to Stevenson's character with a dual personality.

Cases have been studied in which there are not simply two personalities in one person which alternate back and forth, but as many as four distinct personalities! Dr. Morton Prince of Boston spent several years studying Miss Beauchamp, who had four personalities. Some of these personalities knew of the existence of the others, but nothing in particular about them; others knew what some of the personalities were and did. One of the mischief-loving personalities, for example, played pranks on one of the old maidish personalities.

These multiple personalities are caused by the mental iceberg turning over, as it were. The part which has been below the surface comes above. The thoughts and ideas which have been in the subconscious regions of the mind become the dominant parts in the new personality. This is why there is usually such a great difference between the personalities in these cases. The thoughts and desires which have been repressed from the surface of the mind become characteristic traits in the personality when the mental iceberg turns over for any reason.

Thus the staid and solemn church deacon may suddenly start betting on the horse races and carrying a flask on his hip, much to the consternation of all who know him. And later when his multiple personality changes back to its usual form he will also be much dismayed over the pranks which his subconsciousness has played on him.

Very few of us have multiple personalities. We all do have the possibilities, however, for we have most of our mentality outside our consciousness. It is much as if we were to awaken some morning with our dream personality continued rather than our usual waking personality. Thus, although our dreams may appear ridiculous and senseless to us, they still have meaning and significance for our sleeping and dreaming personality. Just so long as this secondary personality of ours is kept in the background no harm results.

The materials in the subconscious region of the mind are organized just as rationally and firmly as our conscious materials are. Reasoning goes on there unbeknownst to us, judgments are formed without our knowing it, firmly developed unconscious character traits are developed there. What may appear to be a sudden change in these cases of dual personality is usually just a breaking through into consciousness or a turning over of the mental iceberg, so that character traits which have long been formed in the subconscious come to the surface.

The surface and subsurface parts of the iceberg together form the iceberg. The conscious and subconscious parts of the mind together form the human mind. Like the iceberg, the mind is composed of much that is not on the surface. These parts of which we are not aware compose most of our mentality and are the really important parts in determining, not merely the character of our "other" personality whom we meet in dreams, but our usual, waking character.

Post-hypnotic suggestion shows how conscious and subconscious regions of the mind may work together. The mental life is really a unit, as this class of phenomena shows.

When a person is hypnotized it is the subconscious that comes to the surface. The conscious recedes and the subconscious comes to dominate for the time being. Now, if a person is hypnotized and told that on a certain afternoon two weeks hence he will go to a drug store and buy a gross of nursing bottles and have them sent to his best girl, he will

invariably do what he was told to when he was hypnotized, although it has been a couple weeks since he was told to do this. During this time his normal, waking self has dominated. But here, all of a sudden, the command which was given to his subconscious comes to dominate his conscious conduct.

Usually in such cases as this the person who is carrying out a post-hypnotic suggestion does not consciously know why he is doing such a foolish thing. But still he cannot refrain from doing it. This shows how, even in normal life, the subconscious may break through the barriers into consciousness in part without causing a complete change in the personality.

It is not only in post-hypnotic suggestion that a part of our subconsciously-formed opinions and character traits come to the surface of the mind and take a prominent part in our daily conduct. Most people are surprised to learn that perhaps most of their opinions have origin in the subconscious activities of the mind. And most of our thoughts and estimates of other people are colored by subconscious biases of which we are not usually aware unless we have had a detailed individual mental analysis by a skilled psychologist.

In attempting to form an opinion about a political candidate, for example, time is taken and it is quite the usual thing for the matter to be dropped from consciousness for the simple reason that it is impossible for a person to have the centre of his consciousness occupied by a single item for any length of time. Try looking at the period at the end of this sentence for five minutes without your attention shifting, if you do not believe this.

Where does the multiplication table go when you are not using it? The same place in which your opinions regarding political candidates go when they are dropped out of consciousness for shorter or longer times. Simple facts like the multiplication table usually come back to consciousness in perfect form, but even they may at times be distorted some-

what. Opinions are usually, almost invariably, distorted. This distorting is done in the subconscious to make the opinions and thoughts fit in with certain dominant subconscious character trends.

It usually does not matter much whether the multiplication table is distorted; seldom would this be changed in recalling to consciousness for the simple reason that scarcely any subconscious trend in normal life is concerned with things such as this which should be taken as a matter of course. It is not uncommon in certain abnormal mental conditions, however, for the multiplication table to be distorted in recall. A patient, for example, has come to believe, through some subconscious trend, that he has four arms. But he must be consistent. So, accordingly, the multiplication table is modified to meet this doubled number concept.

In forming political notions our entire opinions, when once allowed to lapse into the subconscious, are colored and directed by fundamental trends. A political party may be deserted, for example, because a candidate which it supports closely resembles a person whom we subconsciously hate. And that person is very likely to be one's father or mother. Party platforms also are largely accepted or rejected by the individual voter because of their relations to subconscious complexes.

The subconscious breaks through and influences apparently conscious activities in every phase of human thought and conduct. The scientist, as well as the politician, is swayed by the force of these complexes. Religious notions are accepted or rejected largely for the same illogical reasons. Business strategy is guided by subconscious trends and, like personal politics and religion, cannot bear up under the light of solely conscious guidance.

The upshot of all this vast influence of the subconscious upon our apparently conscious behavior is that most of the reasons advanced for a given bit of conduct or certain opinions are largely *rationalizations*. They are not the real

reasons, but are simply assigned for the very plain reason that the individual seldom knows the real motive. It takes a detailed psychological analysis to determine that.

And when the really consistent person begins to rationalize he weaves a fabricated mass of motives out of thin air. The scientific thing to do, the healthy-minded attitude, is to simply recognize that much of our conscious behavior has its roots in the subconscious regions of our mind and let it go at that. This does not imply that all responsibility should be waived. But, rather, that rationalizations should be avoided. When one feels the need of explaining a bit of his conduct the proper thing to do is to attempt to look within for the explanation; the common way is to explain it as one would like to.

But you have your attitudes, conceptions, opinions, likes and dislikes. There is no denying that. Life is too short for the healthy-minded person to dally away time forcing explanations. There is no denying this. It is unhealthy to become unduly curious about the why and the wherefore except under expert psychological guidance.

The big point is that we should not be too positive and dogmatic about all these notions of ours, and we should possess sufficient insight to value the other fellow's notions as much and as little as our own. Facts are stable; interpretations of facts are largely an individual product, determined by the content of each particular subconscious.

Just as the direction which the iceberg takes depends, not upon the winds which blow against its surface, but upon the deep ocean currents which tug away at the subsurface part, so in our human mental life the direction our conduct takes depends not so much upon our environment as it does upon ourselves and our subconscious currents.



AROUND THE EDITORIAL TABLE



LOT of balderdash has been written about the results of the recent Republican primaries and more will doubtless be written about the "astounding" results of the November elections when they have occurred.

The Roosevelt wing of the Republican party, without an actual leader to take his place, is in the ascendant, due to many causes, but principally to the fact that the reactionary Republican leaders assume that the election of 1920 was a mandate to unchecked indifference and reactionism. As able and as clear-sighted a man as Senator George H. Moses has been slow to see that the country's Republicanism was not of the dyed-in-the-wool order, but was rather a protest against the Wilson internationalism. Up to the end of the war this country was Democratic. It was thoroughly satisfied with Democracy, and though there were many things that the people didn't like—the political conduct of the war with the elimination of Roosevelt and Leonard Wood—they were in the main satisfied with Woodrow Wilson's conduct of the Government. It was what Mr. Wilson did after the war that turned public opinion against him, and although the verdict was strongly in favor of the Republican candidates it was not in the main an endorsement of Republican principles.

It was a great opportunity for the Republican party to re-establish itself—and that opportunity it missed. If the election were to be decided purely on domestic issues, there is no doubt but what the Republican party would lose—but the election will not be decided on purely domestic issues for the Democratic party has with it the ineffaceable Mr. Cox who has learned nothing from the mistakes of Mr. Wilson and has apparently assimilated none of his virtues.

What the primaries especially, and what the coming election will probably show, is the fact that the political control of the country has passed definitely from the East and that through the East's stubborn resistance to

modern political ideas it is losing its influence. One has but to note the fact that such a state as far-away Arkansas today has two of the most vigorous of Senators, that the state of Utah—with an almost insignificant population—also provides two of the leaders of the Senate and that great eastern states have Senators who are respectable but uninfluential, to see how this change is taking place. Any one who is conversant with the views of the political leaders of New York understands readily *why* it is taking place. In this great metropolis, daily becoming greater, there seems to be no understanding of the political tendencies of the times, so much so that one of its leading citizens was led to express his belief that a Limited Monarchy was the ideal form of government—a fact on which we commented some months ago. Even more astounding is the confusion in minds of the higher order who have a keen perception of the part that America should play in international affairs, but because of lack of knowledge of the spirit of the American people, contemplate as a possibility a return to the un-Democratic institutions out of which this country worked in the period between the adoption of the Constitution in 1789 and the adoption of universal manhood suffrage between 1820 and 1830.

One of the ablest men in this country—a man who believes in Democracy and has a genuine and unselfish wish for the betterment of all the people, declared recently, in a private conversation, that he had become so convinced that the rule of the majority was lowering the standards of public life and that it was a question in his mind whether it would not be wiser for the interests of the people to go back to the ideas that prevailed before the French Revolution and put the Government in the hands of those who by education, by brain-power and by character were best fitted to give the people honest, official and unselfish government. The gentleman was earnest, he was honest, he was using his best mental processes to arrive at a solution of a grave problem, but he was ignoring, as so many of the Eastern reactionaries do, the history of human progress. Occasionally there is a beneficent tyrant, but the history of tyranny is not the history of beneficent autocrats, who are the exception, but the history of malignant and selfish despotism. The French Revolution was produced, as most of the critics are apt to forget, by generations and even centuries of selfishness, debauchery, and the lowest forms of corruption. The American Revolution was a protest against the most corrupt of governments and the dullest of tyrants. To suggest going back to those times would be

equivalent to suggesting the abolition of the steam locomotive, the electric tramway, the aeroplane, and the submarine and insisting on all four of those methods of locomotion giving way to the simple dog-wagon.

It is true, perhaps, that the Fathers never contemplated the kind of democracy that we have today, but what the Fathers had that was valuable and by which civilization has judged them, was an idea; and that was that men are the masters of their own souls and the captains of their own fate.

Ever since corporations began having interests that necessitated their dealing with the government and ever since Thorlow Weed in the 1850-1860 period of our history, began handling the funds of those corporations for political purposes, there have been advocates of a return to the old ideas and a distrust of the people at large. The people at large were very slow to attack the unofficial government that grew up under the assumption by extra-legal party machinery of the business of running the government, but the one thing that was slowly and openly demonstrated beyond question was that unofficial government, or government by those who were not directly responsible to the people, was in the main corrupt and nearly always selfish.

It is natural that now when the world is engulfed in materialism, when there is an intellectual chaos, when, to quote George Santayana again, one of those periodic nightfalls seems about to descend on civilization, it is natural for men, thoughtful men especially, to wonder whether there isn't something wrong with our system. But is that a justification for saying that a system that has produced great men and great ideas and a great people, a system that has produced a Lincoln, a Roosevelt, and a Wilson, is to be destroyed and the political power that rests in the mass of the people, even if a great many of the mass are ignorant, is to be turned over to the minority who have never in the history of the world shown themselves capable of governing for any other purposes than their own enjoyment—intellectual and artistic it may be, but still their own enjoyment?

DISCUSSIONS ABOUT BOOKS

*THE EVILS OF INDUSTRIAL WARFARE**



ANY minds are doubtless askew over what may be termed industrial and social problems which have confronted our nation especially since Armistice Day. It is the history of the ages that after every war there was a haze in mental conditions of peoples and from this haze came unsettled thought accompanied by pride, prejudice and passion. This mental condition may be likened to the hissing lava thrown from a belching volcano. With time the lava settled to hard, cold facts, pardon the metaphor. Any work tending to hasten the time when our after-war problems may be so solved as to bring the greatest good to the greatest number of our 110,000,000 of population should be welcome. And such a work is "Labor and Democracy." It is more than all else an analysis of the Kansas Industrial Act. The author describes that act as "An experiment which is being made by government to function in the preservation of the public peace, the preservation of the public health, and the promotion of the public welfare." Inasmuch as the author is the presiding judge of the Kansas Court of Industrial Relation, he should be perfectly competent to enlighten his fellow Americans on the practices of the Court. He sums up his interesting work by giving us the ten industrial commandments of his Court as follows:

TO THE WORKER

1. Thou shalt not place the union card above our country's flag.
2. Thou shalt not deny to any man, at any time, in any place, the right to work as a free man and to receive wages as such.
3. Thou shalt not demand a good day's wage in return for a bad day's service.

TO THE EMPLOYER

4. Thou shalt pay a fair wage to each and every of thy workers.
5. Thou shalt furnish a safe and healthful place in which, and safe appliances with which, thy employees may work.
6. Thou shalt operate thy business as continuously as its nature will permit, to the end that labor shall be regularly employed and that the public may not suffer for the living necessities furnished through the medium of thy activities.
7. Thou shalt not demand extortionate profits. Thou shalt be content with a fair return upon thy investment used and useful in thy business.

* "Labor and Democracy," by William L. Huggins. MacMillan.

TO EVERY CITIZEN

8. Thou shalt willingly pay a fair price for all commodities required by thee from Labor and Capital, to the end that Labor shall have a just reward and Capital a fair return.

9. Thou shalt pay thy taxes cheerfully and honestly, to the end that the obligations of the State to all its people may be promptly and properly fulfilled, liberty and justice safeguarded and the general welfare assured.

10. Thou shalt honor and love thy government, for it is the people's government, the best ever devised by man, and there is none other like it in all the world.

As sound economically and patriotically as the moral and social law commanded on Mount Sinai several thousand years ago.

—EDWARD G. RIGGS.

SHEER ADVENTURE WELL TOLD*

THE versatility of Francis Brett Young as shown by his being able to produce a bit of brutal realism, like "The Black Diamond," one year and a tale of romance and adventure, like "The Red Knight," the next year proves him a real master of the narrative art. Those who read the former have a shock coming to them when they open the latter, for such a difference in two novels by the same author has rarely been seen since the novel first became a form of art.

The Red Knight is one Robert Bryden, son of an English wine importer and a noblewoman of Trinacria—a mythical Latin country somewhere on the Mediterranean. An indifferent student, a mediocre painter, a dreamer, he meets in his drifting about London one Massa, a political exile from Trinacria. Whether or no the author intended it, Massa is made in the image of Lenin, a belief to which the reader is more inclined when Bolshevism turns Trinacria into a miniature Russia, with Massa as its dictator.

For no particular reason except the love of the romantic which Bryden inherits from his father, he makes his way into the blockaded Trinacria to take his place at Massa's side. And then the trouble begins. Massa is no longer the gentle, brooding outcast of Soho, but a bloody, suspicious and friendless governor of an anarchy—if the paradox be permitted. And, instead of a welcome to Bryden, he debates whether he were not better shot. To prove his sincerity, Bryden promises to perform any service Massa may demand of him. As a test of the man, Massa assigns him to secret service work—frankly makes him an *agent provocateur*, to spy upon a noble family which plots Massa's assassination and restoration of monarchy.

*"The Red Knight," by Francis Brett Young. E. P. Dutton & Company.

Of course, in that family there is a girl. And again, of course, Bryden falls in love with her until finally he is confronted with the question of whether he shall betray the girl and her family to the dictator or the latter to them. The reader does not learn the outcome until the last sentence of the last paragraph of the book.

And what action before that paragraph is reached! The most cinematic of movie directors could not wish for more. It is all the more remarkable for being solely the product of the author's imagination. The description of the misery, the pessimism, the riots and fights of a whole city under the pall of Bolshevism could be no better done—has been no better done—by any of our most famous "correspondents on the spot."

—GABRIEL S. YORKE.

EDITH WHARTON'S LATEST*

EDITH WHARTON'S latest novel is not her best, nor is her best among those which preceded. Her best will not be performed until she has found the particular field in which she can do herself justice. Her successive novels reveal increasing powers. Her technique—we hate the word, but there is no other—is perfect. As for her choice in subjects, there is less to be said. If, therefore, "Glimpses of the Moon" proves less popular than "The Age of Innocence" (her publishers insist on the comparison) it will be due not to a weakening of narrative powers but to the difference in the lines along which they are exerted.

"Glimpses of the Moon" is a story of the conflict between a him and a her on the matter of honor. We insist on the pronouns, for in spite of names she has given the pair, they continue to be much less real than some of the minor characters of the book.

They are a pair of social pirates. She, a girl without family, moves about in the set which composes the social register, with no other means of support, visible or invisible, than her popularity. Trips to Europe and the Orient, one week-end party after another, places to eat and sleep in luxury for the balance of the week, and even her clothes, are supplied her by female friends because they like her company.

He earns an indifferent living as a hack writer, but also has his taste of luxury because he is a nice sort of chap to have around. They fall in love and marry, agreeing to pool their piratical, social booty, but also agreeing to separate when and if it becomes apparent that two cannot sponge on their friends as cheaply as one. By insisting that all wedding presents be in the form of checks and by planning to live successively in one friend's house after another, they figure that they can make a go of it for a year at least.

*"Glimpses of the Moon," by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Co.

Before the second month of the honeymoon is over, they discover that the use of friends' houses and servants must be paid for by favors which honorable people cannot give. She is inclined to wink an eye, but he will not. It were not fair to reveal the plot, which from this point on is concerned with the struggle between conflicting standards of honor. Whether the lack of plausibility of such a story can spoil the reading of it each reader must judge for himself.

The scene of the story is Europe's centre of gayety—the various houses which the pair plans to occupy are the baubles of rich Americans over there. The minor characters, with very few exceptions, are that type of American to whom houses full of servants, evening dress six times a week, flittings from Venice to Paris to London, and never a trip to Main Street, are as natural as lightning bugs in June. Not a single character is introduced but is not carefully and perfectly drawn. Edith Wharton can still sit a dozen characters down to a dinner and keep the conversation of all twelve going with remarkable realism. And she has increased her skill in the use of that very necessary appliance—the fluency which makes one eager to turn the page.

—S. P.

THE RAGE FOR PORTRAITURE*

IT WAS inevitable that sooner or later someone would endeavor by sarcastic caricature to check the flow of analytical portraiture that has flooded drawing rooms and bookshops ever since Raymond wrote "The Mirrors of Downing Street." The thought has doubtless occurred to many of us as we have waded through page after page of inside characterization of men more famous or infamous than ourselves, and as we saw the trappings of fame removed from them until their very nakedness made us turn away with something akin to disgust.

Fortunately caricature is an art that is foreign to most of us. If it were not how few would be our friends, how bitter we all would be. It is an art that must be clever to be amusing and nothing second rate of stupid can for an instant be tolerated. It then ceases to be a caricature and becomes painfully boring and even monotonous. Mr. Coward has not been quite careful enough with his humor and the result has been that his "Terribly Intimate Portraits" while amusing in spots, fall down rather badly as a whole and in places becomes even dull and monotonous. Nothing is worse than the bon-mot or the story that fails to bring the laugh and while the blame may sometimes be put to lack of sense of humor in the hearers, it is more often the fault of the teller or the author in this particular case.

*"Terribly Intimate Portraits," by Noel Coward.

Out of the fifteen or more of the Portraits depicted by the author one or two are faintly amusing and one is really funny. In the "Education of Rupert Plinge," Mr. Coward has shown that he has a real sense of humor somewhere in his composition and he attained to the style and diction of Henry Adams' Masterpiece of Egotism. Mr. Noel Coward, the author of "Terribly Intimate Portraits" is a very clever and versatile young Englishman who has already earned a name for himself as a playwright of no mean merit, and there is no doubt that he is capable of greater things than his latest book.

—RONALD TREE.

OUR NEIGHBORS TO THE SOUTH*

THE author of "The New Latin America" has set out to offer a comprehensive and reasoned account of the onward moving Latin America of the present moment, and at times his great vision tempts him to give us pictures of what Latin America may be like and what to expect from it in future years. Few books have dealt with Latin America as Dr. Warshaw deals with it. Our libraries are stacked with volumes treating upon the social, political and economic features of the land to the south of us, many there are compiled from commercial data and scores have summarized the rambling impressions of travelers; no one before Dr. Warshaw, however, has attempted to present a narrative concerning Latin America that would appeal most to the general reader. A country which is more or less touchy on the Monroe Doctrine, which considers our protective tariff a serious handicap to their foreign trade, which resents our patronage, suspects us of imperialism, speaks of the "Yankee Peril" and which disputes our claim to primacy in Pan-American affairs is certainly capable of furnishing enough wide-awake material to fill a generous-sized book of the proportion of Dr. Warshaw's 400-page work, containing, in addition, several fine maps of Central and South American territories.

Back in 1913, F. García Calderón in his "Latin America: Its Rise and Progress" declared "The time has come, it would seem, to study these peoples, together with their evolution and progress, unless we are willing to take it as proved that the United States of North America are the sole focus of Transatlantic civilization and energy." He wrote from London.

After piloting the reader through a first chapter on "Fallacies, Fancies and Fact" in which he points out that Latin Americans are not effete, that the country is not a sink of iniquity and that a sympathetic appreciation of Latin American customs is important, Dr. Warshaw tells in interesting style of the energy of our Southern neighbors, recounting the

*"The New Latin America" by J. Warshaw, Ph. D. Crowell Company.

instance of the remarkable achievement in building the Argentinian Palace of Congress costing \$11,000,000 and entailing the demolition of 500 business houses and private residences, an extensive square being laid out, graded and beautified into a fitting site, the whole work being accomplished in 90 days. The "Yankee" who knows Latin America only as a wild waste, made up largely of dense forests full of tapirs, jaguars and boa constrictors, and whose main idea of the prime necessity of the traveler is not the Spanish or Portuguese tongues, but a machété with which to cut down dense sylvan growths will receive an enlightening shock to find that the end of isolation has come, that radio has linked the inland provinces with the great cities such as Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro, Santiago and Pernambuco, that telegraphic and telephonic communication have done their modernizing work, that some of the finest and best printed newspapers in the world are published in the trade centers, and that in the metropolises he will meet all the conventional equipment of a large city, such as railway terminals, stores, office buildings, electric lights, trolleys, flying cranes, elevators, wharfs, hotels, banks, hospitals, motor cars, art galleries, magnificent streets, theatres and movies. As to cultural development, Latin America is not far behind other countries, keeping in mind that in independence she is practically the youngest. Brazil, incidentally, is just celebrating the hundredth anniversary of her independence, and the visit of Secretary of State Hughes is a significant pointer to the diplomatic friendliness existing between this country and the Brazilian states and, in fact, all of the South American countries.

Dr. Warshaw writes on changing industries, manufacturing and labor, speaks of paramount foreign interests, touches upon the increasing confidence of American capital in Latin American investments and gives a decidedly lucid exposition of the place of the Monroe Doctrine in North and South American diplomatic affairs. We read of the huge American trade, which, like Topsy, "just grew." The United States is still leading the field, with Great Britain close behind and Germany back again promising to nose her out within a few years. Many attempts have been made to bring about a federation of the various countries of Latin America into one nation, but all have proved ineffectual. Dr. Warshaw, with M. Calderón, is moved to regret "the excessive division of the States of South America." It is of interest to note also the more favorable position of Latin American women morally and politically and it is not to be expected that the gaining of the franchise by American women has been lost upon the feminine population, always prone to regard what goes on in the United States as criterion. However, women in Latin America are rather lazy and are not, as yet, actually anxious for the vote. They rather shun such form of responsibility and probably many years will elapse before the granting of equal suffrage.

But the concluding section of the book, "As Latin Americans See Us," strikes home as being the clearest writing thus far seen respecting the well known antipathy of Latin America for Americans or "Yankees"—the familiar appendage.

The Latin American sees us as a machine—like individuals surrounded by brick and stone, living colorless lives and signifying extreme standardization. What stings him most, however, is that we are, in his opinion, constantly campaigning under the aegis of the dollar sign.

"I cannot think" (writes the fictitious Chilean of Senor Pinochet's clever satire on American life) "what they do in the schools of this country, since no culture or manners are taught. Their only object appears to be that of preparing the individual to make the dollar: a species of aggressiveness in business. On no account would I consent to have my children educated here."

Latin America is the land of new fields and elbow room. No one will deny that. Could we not say, "If you would enthuse, but not be enthused over, go far South, young man." As to the elbow feature, that part of the anatomy is best thrust into the young man's ribs to stir him into action, and because Latin America has fallen heir to the European legacy of "Yankee" depreciation, our parting advice would be, "Go South, but if you would succeed blunt—cap your sword."

OSBORNE F. HEVENER.



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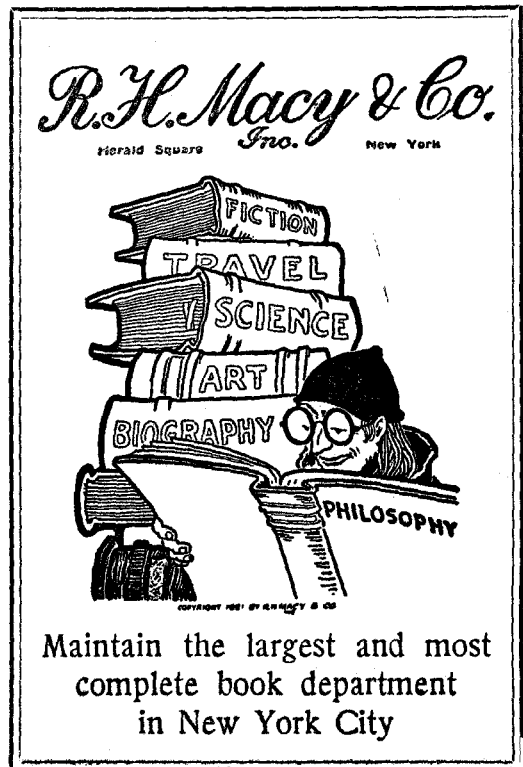
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Never in the history of the country has there been a greater need for a campaign of education for sound economic ideas. The periods of delusion in politics are generally coincident with the periods of unemployment and financial stringency. Unfortunately the delusions do not pass with the removal of the cause; current economic fallacies are dangerous evidence that we are passing through serious times.

The most disturbing of these fallacies is based on a denial of the hitherto undisputed maxim that taxation should be fair and equable, and on the apparent belief that by putting as nearly as possible the main burden of taxes on Business an Elysian condition will be created for the "rest" of the country. The fact that no section of the country can be prosperous while another section is punitively taxed is apparently ignored by those preaching and legislating on the policy of "soak the rich."

To campaign against such delusions, to educate by means of literature and through speakers, to appeal to the American sense of fair play, and incidentally to American common sense, to urge the election of Congressmen who will view economic questions with intelligence—and if possible, understanding—The Committee of American Business Men has been organized and incorporated. It numbers many important business men among its members, but it welcomes the enrollment of all women and men who believe that such work is necessary.

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